

THE

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PHASES OF MODERN SKEPTICISM.

TO the student of religious thought, the prospect for the prevalence of the Gospel is brighter than it was a century ago. Then, theologians lamented the *infidelity* of their day; we mourn the *skepticism* of ours. The change in terms correctly represents a change in ideas: then, there was unbelief; now, there is only doubt. It may be true, in one sense, that infidelity is increasing in the present day; but the increase is in breadth rather than depth. Fill up partially the bed of a stagnant pool, and, even though some of the water be drained off or evaporated, the surface will cover wider superficies. So with infidelity; some of its deepest hollows are filled up, its surface comes nearer the Christian level, and it consequently gains over a class of adherents whom formerly it disgusted. Very few now deny the existence of God, and those who do are apt to betray the shallowness of their infidelity as did a society of atheists, last Winter in Italy, who sent an address of congratulation to their King on the escape of his son from assassination, and introduced their address by saying that they "thanked Divine Providence for the miraculous escape," etc. From a comprehensive view of the war between faith and infidelity, it must be admitted that Christianity has pushed the war into the enemy's country, has forced him from the position, "No God;" and that the great conflict of the day centers

in, and revolves around, the incarnate life of Christ.

Among the strongest evidences of the divinity of Christianity is the ground it has conquered. Eighteen centuries ago, a Jewish carpenter, destitute of worldly patronage, explained his system to the handful of followers who had been attracted within the range of his influence. He had no foot of ground to call his own, no church wherein to proclaim his doctrines, no professional reputation to sustain it, no sword to enforce it; yet he said, calmly: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." Mark the power of those words. Like the shout of the Israelites at Jericho, they have been mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. A century ago, infidelity boldly flaunted her pretensions, and openly boasted both her name and nature, while religion whispered with bated breath, the lamp in her hand shaded. Now, religion has become respectable; infidelity is ashamed of her title. We have not yet reached the happy time when every one wishes to be religious; but we do see the day when few like to be called irreligious. Men and women do not now strive so much to disprove revealed religion as to make a religion for themselves.

It is interesting to note how anxious are men, who, last century, would have gloried in the name of infidel, to cover

their nakedness with even the most ragged shreds of religion. The thought of some has been filled with the majesty of intellect; they have considered it the greatest glory they could put upon reason to connect her with religion. So the recalcitrant moral instincts have been curved to run parallel with their wishes; and hence, we hear of the religion of Positivism. The taste of others has been developed toward the fine arts, church millinery, sweet singing, delicious perfumes, gaudy clothing; and hence, Ritualism.

Descending still in the scale of modern religious speculation, we reach the latest and almost the lowest effort of the human mind to make its own religion. It is strange how much there is in humanity of what may be called the show or circus element—a desire to see something which is new, or monstrous, or ugly. It is the maturity of the principle which, in infancy, is thrilled with stories of ghosts, or fascinated with tales of good fairies. Even this childishness must be linked with sacred things; and hence the religion of Spiritualism. Its adherents say that every thing has hitherto failed to regenerate mankind, and that theirs is the final and triumphal dispensation. Moral philosophy, experience, human and divine example, the omnipotent influences of the triune God, have all proved ineffectual; and the one grand discovery of the nineteenth century, and the grand panacea for all the ills that soul or flesh is heir to, is an exhibition of dead people in a dark room! Surely, we need not descend to that horrible pit where Mormonism adulterously weds sensuality to piety, to learn that there is no absurdity to which man will not sink rather than be thought to be without religion.

Eighty years ago, Paine wrote his "Age of Reason," a book not merely blasphemous, but ribald, illiterate, and illogical. He styles the poetry of the Bible, which poor Byron loved, bombastical rant. He says not one word of the lofty teachings of Christ; and he designates Paul's epistles, doubtful jargon. Perhaps one of the most advanced and able free-

thinkers of this day is Rénan. He utterly discards the miraculous in the life of Jesus; but he speaks exultingly, humbly, and even devotionally, of Jesus as a great Reformer, and in one place he writes: "Jesus, thou art immortal; in thy words thou shalt live in the hearts and affections of men till all shall acknowledge thy sway."

Skeptics, in their search for truth, have pushed forward till they stand on the ground of advanced Rationalism. There is a growing idea among scientific men that they are not to overstep the bounds of their province to teach that all theology may be learned from science. They are learning that their business is to discover the order, and not the cause, of the universe. Surely, all this is better than the thick darkness of the last century. It is the twilight, and, thank God, it is the twilight of the morning, not of the evening. Their back is turned to the darkness; they are finding their way to the light. That which has been revealed to babes has been hid from the wise and prudent. They see not yet, in the simplicity of the Gospel, its truth and beauty. They see only its distorted image in their own systems. Many of them are earnest seekers after truth, and it is difficult to believe that God will not give these wise men a star to direct them to Jesus; and then the kingdom of the intellect of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.

The limits of this paper forbid our examining in detail the many guises under which modern skepticism, like the ancient Proteus, appears. We shall confine ourselves to some of those forms which gain respectability from a morganatic alliance with science. As every effect must have a cause, the heresies peculiar to scientific men, when they come in contact with theology, must have a rational origin; and this origin may be found near the surface. Nature is sometimes characterized as "Unity in Diversity;" but in nature, as in art, it is the diversity that is recognized first; the unity is discovered only on reflection. When we have for

the first time gazed on some grand old cathedral, whose growth has been slower than the wrinkled oaks shading its graveyard, or the elms marshaled in stately procession along its avenues, seeming in its power a very "Rock of Ages," in whose massiveness and endurance one could almost read the words, "I am the high and holy One who inhabiteth eternity," we saw little more than we might see in some huge, black, weather-stained rock, haughtily lifting its shoulders high above the waves in mid-ocean. Every thing was grand; but to our vision no symmetry was apparent. It was a huge pile of stone and mortar. But we looked again and again, and at last saw in it an *idea*. Every thing fell into harmony. The disposition of the parts of the building, the proportions of the walls, the cornices, the columns, the corbels, were all parts working out one idea. Here was unity, the single conception of a single intelligence. Our views of nature are similar. In a tree we see several leaves deriving sustenance from one stem, several stems springing from one twig, many twigs depending upon one branch, several branches attached to one mighty bough; and all the boughs, with tributary leaves and twigs and branches, deriving life from a single trunk. In nature, the more ardently we gaze upon her manifestations, the more perseveringly we pry into her arcana, the more clearly do we discover the unity in the diversity, and that unity—God. But, as in climbing a lofty mountain, we gain one summit only to find another towering above us, and, when we gain the highest peak, the blue sky looks down mockingly from its unattainable heights, so when the Unity of Creation—God—is sought by man's invention, each attempt proves its own futility. Heaven can not be reached by the most exhaustive efforts of intellect; and the history of all philosophy becomes a sermon on this text, "The world by wisdom knew not God."

The skepticism of science has its origin in the effort to grasp the unity and exclude God. Scientific history, like

social and political, runs in cycles. The alchemists could see in nature only a single primary metal, just as now many philosophers see in all manifestations of nature but one principle and one force. Many modern skeptics admit the existence of a Creator who originated the very lowest form of existence, and produced from this simple form all life by evolution. The mischief of weeds is that they have life enough to make them grow; and the mischief of heresies is that they have truth enough in them to make them live. There is a *doctrine* as well as a *theory* of evolution, and Darwinianism is a thaumatrope-fallacy formed by their combination. The doctrine of evolution is, that there are certain laws at work in nature, such as the laws of heredity, of limited populations, of variation, of physical change upon the surface of the earth, of the equilibrium of nature; and that such a series of laws is but a statement of what is the condition of nature. The theory of evolution is, that all species have been developed from similar ancestors, from the most unorganized existences. But the very sciences that gave birth to this theory now turn their own child out of doors.

Let us suppose that evolution has produced the inanimate world. How does it bridge the chasm between the living and the dead? Let the highest genius discover a single fact that makes the distance between life and death less than infinite. Place side by side the mineral and the organism. A stone originates within itself no motion or change. Its native condition is absolute rest. In the spiritual world, as in the natural, between dead and living there is a great gulf fixed. It is impassable. Keeping only to physical facts, how shall evolution bridge it? And if it could, the distinction between animal and vegetable life is nearly as broad; and therefore, taken naturally and logically, evolution becomes a monstrous absurdity. Nevertheless, its charms have powerfully captivated the scientific mind. Doubtless this arises from the grand unification it offers; but we may

be pardoned for whispering the suggestion that analytic and synthetic powers are rarely strongly combined in the same mind, that the evolutionists are unequaled for collecting and tabulating facts correctly, and that perhaps the next age will furnish the inductive power to draw the true conclusions from the mass of information being so industriously compiled now.

Let us mention some of the reasons why we must reject Darwinianism. "Natural selection" is an assumption which nature does not justify. There is no evidence in its favor in our experience. There is a certain adaptive elasticity between races; but never between species. A new species can never be formed; but a new variety may. By crossing, a new variety of dog, horse, cow, or pigeon, may be formed; but it is impossible to perpetuate the progeny of crossing species, such as the ass and the horse. Man seizes on this power of adaptation, and makes for himself improvements; but they are never improvements for the animal. They are monstrous varieties, neither preventing nor indicating the remotest specific mutation. All that marks the species remains intact. The mummied cats and dogs from Memphis are like those that live among us. The varieties are purely abnormalities, selected by art, solely for man's good or caprice. Hence, they are unfixed; they go back to the normal condition as soon as the strain is taken off. The horse or the ox ever so highly bred, will, if left to nature, simply revert to the original condition; and every variety of pigeon will, on acquiring freedom, go back to the form of its simplest ancestor. What is the issue of all this? Simply, that selection is an artificial and not a natural law. Yet the whole theory of Darwin depends for a principal support on the changes art has produced, to infer the entire production, by nature, of all organic forms.

Geology gives the hypothesis no support. She furnishes no instance of a single transition. Professor Thomson states that no single case has yet been observed of one species passing, through

a series of inappreciable modifications, into another. The geological gap between man and the ape is alone destructive of the whole theory. Apes have been discovered in Greece; but they are only apes. And remains of man have been found for which immense antiquity is claimed; but they are remains of man and nothing else.

Darwin sometimes admits that his hypothesis carries absurdity upon the very face of it. He says: "To suppose that the eye, with all its inimitable contrivances for adjusting the focus to different distances, for admitting different amounts of light, and for the correction of spherical and chromatic aberration, could have been produced by natural selection, seems, I freely confess, absurd in the highest degree. Reason tells me that if numerous gradations from a perfect and complex eye to one very imperfect and simple, each grade being useful to its possessor, can be shown to exist; if further, the eye does vary ever so slightly, and the variations be inherited, which is certainly the case, and if any variation or modification in the organ be ever useful to an animal under changing conditions of life, then the difficulty of believing that a perfect and complex eye could be formed by natural selection, though insuperable to our imagination, can hardly be considered real."

Such a style of reasoning reminds us of Kepler's "fortuitous salad." The story goes, that the astronomer having delayed coming down to his supper, his wife, who was something of a shrew, took him to task for keeping her waiting. He excused himself by telling her he had become so absorbed in thinking of the fortuitous concourse of atoms, that he had forgotten the salad she had prepared. The wife naturally asked for an explanation of this odd theory. He replied: "Suppose that from all eternity there had been flying about atoms of vinegar and atoms of oil and atoms of lettuce, you perceive that in time we might have had a salad."

"Ay, ay," said his wife, "all that

might be; but you would n't get one so nicely dressed as this."

So in reference to the fortuitous eye, formed as supposed, we fear it would have been a far inferior eye to that which Mr. Darwin employed when he penned his scheme.

Let us test his hypothesis by his account of the formation of the eye. His primordial being is not formed with any eye from which our own may trace its ancestry. It is to be traced back to an organ not optical at all, or made with any reference to the laws of light; but to the mere chance exposure of a nerve of sensation to the influence of light. He tells us that it is credible that the lenses of the eye, so perfectly adapted to the laws of light in geometrical form and refractive and dispersive powers, with the wonderful mechanism for adapting them for near and distant vision, manifest no evidence of design; that the black pigment which absorbs the superfluous rays of light, the iris which admits into the eye just that amount of light which is necessary for the perfection of the image on the retina—that it is credible that all this marvelous combination and perfect adaptation to the laws of light are due to no forethought, no design, no wisdom; that some being, many ages ago, had a sensitive nerve accidentally exposed to the light. We are told, without proof, that any nerve of sensation, if exposed to light, would be sensitive to light; that this nerve became protected by a transparent film; that the animal now gifted with this rudimentary eye would have such an advantage in the struggle for existence as to destroy all others of its species; that it would necessarily propagate creatures with similar eyes; that in the lapse of ages, if any accidental improvement took place better adapted for the purposes of an eye, the animal with the improved eye would succeed better in the struggle for life. And so the chance improvements occurring through no law of design, during a long series of ages, are sufficient to render the formation of such an instrument as the eye credible. In proof of

all this, we are told that animals exist having eyes far more imperfect than those of man. But there are breaks in the law of progression. Here is an animal with one eye, another with eight, and another with countless myriads. How is it that among the higher animals, the law of divergence is strictly confined to the number two, while among the lower orders, it ranges through such a wide variety? Why such uniformity in one direction? Why such variety in another? Again, setting aside this difficulty, we ask why the animals with the imperfect eye still survive? Darwin instances spiders and house-flies as examples of this class. Now, in the dog-days, when our houses become like the land of Egypt by reason of the fly-plague, we might almost be excused for wishing that at least this part of Darwin's theory might prove true. But man, the animal of the perfect eye, for uncounted ages has struggled against his tiny but annoying foe, and the small-eyed destroyer of our peace still lives.

But we would ask whether these eyes are really imperfect. We can not admit their imperfection. The eight eyes of the spider or the million of a butterfly are as perfectly adapted to the peculiar nature and habits of the insect as man's two eyes are to his. A butterfly would be sadly ill at ease with two human eyes in place of its myriad lenses. As well might we say that the legs of a spider are imperfect because it can not run sixteen miles in an hour, or one hundred miles in twelve hours, as a horse. A bee has all the eyesight it needs. It can only see about six inches distant; but it can fly six miles so straight that a bee-line has become a proverb. Coddington's microscopic lens may be found in any one of the lenses of the common house-fly.

Besides, as was first pointed out, we think by Professor Murphy, an insuperable difficulty of the whole scheme is to account for the origin of a co-ordinated structure; that is, of one in which a number of parts must be adapted to one another to make the structure of any

value. For instance, in order to bring the eye to perfection, there must be, among others, simultaneous improvements in the retina, the lenses, the iris, the motor muscles, the eyelids. Mr. Murphy has especially adduced the two nervous connections of the iris of the eye. One of its nerves has its root in the brain, and contracts the pupil under the stimulus of light; the other has its root in the lymphatic ganglia, and opens the pupil again when the intensity of the light is diminished. It is plainly impossible that the efficiency of either of these two nerves could be increased separately; they will not be improved at all unless they are improved together; and this, on Darwin's hypothesis, can only be done by means of accidental favorable variations occurring in both at once. But such coincidences are so improbable that they may be left out of account, as if they were impossible.

While thinking over the strangeness of this part of Darwin's theory, another argument occurs to us, which, though not perhaps to be reckoned among strictly scientific weapons, yet may, like David's sling, hurt the giant. King Charles II, of disgusting memory, once propounded to the gentlemen of the Royal Society the weighty problem, why a fish in water weighed less than out of water. For months the knotty question was discussed; all the sciences were brought to bear upon it, and scientific men passed sleepless nights in poring over its intricacies. At length a happy thought inspired one to make the experiment; and the experiment proved, what might have been discovered as easily first as last, that the fish had exactly the same weight whether in or out of water. Now, when Darwin says that we have eyes to-day because a creature little more organized than sea-weed once scraped against a sharp rock, abraded its skin, exposed a nerve to light, and transmitted this exposed nerve to its offspring, we would, in all simplicity, ask whether it might not be advisable, before writing any more books on the subject, to take one of

these sea-weed organisms, expose one of its nerves to the light, and see whether it does really transmit the injury to its offspring. What results might follow the success of this trial! How effectually it would silence all cavilers! and might it not be the beginning of a long series of experiments, which, in their results, would far transcend the hopes of missionaries? For, might we not greatly accelerate the tedious processes of natural selection? and, while the most sanguine reformers now only hope to make savages into civilized Christians, we might raise brutes to men!

Darwin's theory implies that no variation in the individual will be likely to survive unless it is useful to its possessor. This raises a multitude of difficulties; for there are many organs which, in their mature state, are very useful, but which, while in process of development, must have been more a hindrance than a help. A bird's wing, when immature, could be of no possible use to its possessor, and so could not survive or be the ancestor of the perfect wing. The fins of a fish, in their early stages, could not give their possessor any advantage in the struggle for existence over its finless rivals. A similar difficulty arises in the transition from reptile to bird. When the reptile's leg had so far developed that it was no longer useful as a leg, and was still so imperfect that it was of no value as a wing, would not natural selection more probably have destroyed than improved such a race? We shall mention but one more argument which appears to us destructive of Darwinianism. Professor Tait, of Edinburgh, has pointed out that no favorable variation can give to any single individual possessing it the certainty of surviving and leaving offspring; all it can give is an extra chance, and in many, perhaps in most cases, a very small extra chance. Among all organisms the chances are against any individual that is born, growing up to maturity; among many, and those not the lowest tribes, the chances are hundreds to one; and if, as Darwin maintains, all

variations are singly but small, what will be the value of the extra chance which some favorable variation will give its possessor? If the chances are a hundred to one against any single individual of the unimproved species surviving, and the chance in favor of survival is doubled by some favorable variation, the effect will amount to only this: that the chances are not a hundred to one, but fifty to one against the favored individual. In concluding this brief criticism, let us remember that even when an individual possessing some favorable variation does survive, it will be prevented from becoming the ancestor of a new species or race by this obvious fact, that among the higher animals, every one that is born has two parents, while, by the hypothesis, the favorable variation is found in only one; and as the offspring are, on the average, of intermediate character between the two parents, the favorable variation will be transmitted to the offspring in only half its original force; and to their offspring again, with only one-half of this, or one-fourth of its original force, and so on, constantly weakening. We do not know that Mr. Darwin, or any of his followers, has ever met or even acknowledged this difficulty, a simple fact which, we think, squarely meets and overthrows the whole theory of natural selection in its present form.

Want of space forbids us to dwell in detail on the other forms of modern skepticism. To return to the fountain whence flow all modern forms of unbelief. We affirm, as we have already affirmed, that the unphilosophical striving after unification is the great source of skepticism in these days. A little lower down, the stream becomes pantheism. This supplies all the rivers of current skeptical thought. Evolution, natural selection, physico-chemical theories of life, and the molecular origin of thought, all are the outcome of its fascinations. It is an intense effort to unify every agent and activity. The great bulk of pantheism lies in two divisions—materialism and idealism. The materialist rejects

the evidence of consciousness, denies all spiritual existence, and resolves Deity and Nature into one identical material substance. The idealist, or transcendental pantheist, denies the evidence of the senses, rejects the evidence of the material world, and contends that there is no real being but mind. Thus, the simplest refutation of all pantheism is that provided by pantheists themselves. The error furnishes its own antidote. The opposing speculations of the material and spiritual pantheists separately serve to confute each other. Each theory confutes the other. One maintains the existence of body, the other of spirit; and thus they correct each other's errors, and supply a testimony that the existence of both body and spirit is sustained by the clearest evidence. How wonderfully are God's purposes evolved from antagonistic forces! Here are two schools of scientific men; they are united in strong determination against our God. It would seem as though, like as of old, the hand of Midian will prevail against Israel. But lo! their contradictory forces balance—the Father of spirits rules; instead of destroying his enemies, God utilizes them; the Captain of the Lord's host receives advantage from his enemies' mistakes; they hamper their own movements—"The engineer is hoist by his own petard." Now, as in David's day, "Their breath goeth forth; and in that very day their thoughts perish."

Another remarkable effect arising from these opposing theories is the testimony they conjointly bear to the fundamental truth of religion, the existence of God. Though each theorist starts from an opposite point, and pursues an opposite track, each reaches this conclusion—"there is a God." The materialist believes in nothing but matter; he makes that matter God. The transcendentalist believes in nothing but spirit; he believes that spirit to be God. Though skeptical on all other points, on this they profess no doubt; the evidence of his existence is so clear and decisive that it extorts their unequivocal assent. It is thus that error

yields homage to truth. The existence of the Deity, who sets his glory above the heavens, is legible through the universe; and the truth, though obscure and distorted, is too brilliant to be wholly lost, even amid the darkest wanderings and most extravagant speculations which

have marked the history of the human mind. The whole history of skepticism establishes the truth, that there has never been any philosophical system, however cloudy, which has not been tinged with the bow of truth, the promise of better days.

GEORGE C. JONES.

PAUL GERHARDT—A LIFE STORY.

THE spiritual songs with which the Protestant Church of Germany was favored belong to the noblest and most beautiful blossoms which have sprung from the soil of the Reformation. When the man was born, a sketch of whose life we here present, the hymns of the "Wittenberg Nightingale" had already resounded through the different countries of Germany for more than half a century; and, in union with them, the almost contemporaneous hymns of the poets who, inspired by the mind of Luther, as formerly Asaph, Heman, Ethan, and others, by the mind of David, felt impelled to sing after him.

For five hundred years Christian communities, as such, had been condemned to silence, and had only been allowed to take part in the incomprehensible litanies of their Latin-speaking priests by the spiritless repetition of a Kyrie, a "Pray for us," or an "Amen." How they rejoiced when, at length, with unfettered tongues, they could give expression, both at Church and at home, to their purified faith in their mother-tongue to their hearts' content! Not only did they already sing with Luther's choir-leader "Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g'mein," "Gelobet seist du, Jesu Christ," "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," as well as the words to the remainder of his many hymns; but also with Paul Speratus, "Es ist das Heil uns kommen her;" with Justus Jonas, "Wo Gott der Herr nicht bei uns hält;" with Paul Eber, "Wenn wir in höchsten Nothen sein," and "Herr Jesu Christ,

wahr' Mensch und Gott;" with Nicholas Decius, "Allein Gott in der Höhe sei Ehr," besides other beautiful hymns. They were pure, joyful anthems of confession. Whoever sang them, not only sang them for themselves, but in common with the whole of renovated Christendom, with which he felt himself to be one. What he acknowledged and believed, in conformity with it, as an eternal truth, he joyfully expressed in his hymns.

The great subject of the "standing and falling Church" naturally formed the fundamental theme of the first hymns of the Reformation. Their language was not of honey, but cased in armor; and they marched proudly along in short, positive sentences. It was necessary to lay down the boundary lines of the regenerated Church, and bring out the columns, upon which it rested, clearly and distinctly. In the hymns of the Reformation, as has just been shown, the "lapidary style of the Holy Ghost" prevailed. A holy defiance, a nervous conciseness, formed their chief characteristic. This period of the so-called "objective Church hymns," which, since it was borne along on the eagle-pinions of the sublimest lyrical inspiration, which is not to be confounded with the didactic, had, moreover, its boundaries. The out-breaking storm of war assisted in fixing these, and awakened the necessity of accepting the treasures of the restored Gospel faith as cordials for good. Sacred poetry henceforth entered upon a subjective style. We now, in a pre-eminent

manner, read and sing hymns of the Cross and consolation—"house and heart music," as Johannes Heermann called his spiritual poems—in which the believer gives expression to his own experiences of salvation for the strengthening and encouragement of the brethren, and which are designed not merely to celebrate the great facts of Christianity, but rather the consecrations and sanctifications of all private and domestic conditions of men.

In this period, and, indeed, at the very summit of it, as its first and greatest master, we meet with the man who, next to Luther, occupies the first place among the sacred lyrical poets of the Protestant Church, as a whole. What German Protestant can hear the name of this man without being forcibly reminded of the music of bells and of the organ?

Paul Gerhardt is the name of this world-renowned man. He was born in the little town of Gräfenhainichen, near Wittenberg, in the year 1606. His youth is enveloped in obscurity; but we are justified in supposing that he enjoyed a Christian education. He early felt a decided inclination for the study of theology. When a youth, he saw the flames of the most devastating of all wars overrun his father-land; and, among the thousand horrors and calamities which overwhelmed it, and with which pestilence was also associated, he saw it rapidly transformed into a melancholy waste.

This unutterable national misfortune gave his heart a religious direction at an early age, and increased that disposition for prayer and spiritual contemplation which had been inherent with him from childhood. We now lose sight of him until the year 1651, when we meet him in the family of Herr Berthold, Advocate of the Supreme Court of Judicature of Berlin, where he seems to have been for several years. He is a candidate of theology at forty-five years of age, and still without a position. He had already composed some of his most beautiful hymns, some of which had been published. Among them was the morning-

song, "Wach auf, mein Herz, und singe;" the hymn of Pentecost, "Zeuch ein zu meinen Thoren;" and the song of Jubilee on the conclusion of the peace of Westphalia, "Gottlob nun ist erschollen das edle Fried-und Freudenwort." When a vacancy occurred in any of the Churches of the city, he was prepared to preach, and sought every opportunity of doing good. An official position was as yet withheld from him, from what cause is incomprehensible. This was one of the severest trials of faith which he had to sustain, but which he endured with Christian patience.

Finally, the provostship of the town of Mittenwalde became vacant; and when the magistrates applied to the ecclesiastical ministry of Berlin to recommend a worthy candidate, they presented Paul Gerhardt, speaking of him as "a person whose erudition and diligence were well known, who was of good mind and unadulterated faith, besides of an honorable and peaceful disposition, and of blameless Christian life, so that he was loved and esteemed by the high and low, and would ever receive the testimony from the ministry that he had done good service to, and gained the love of, the Church by his talents and loving disposition." Through this recommendation he was appointed to the position; and on the 18th of November, 1651, he received the necessary consecration in the Nikolai Church of Berlin. On this occasion he, solemnly and in writing, bound himself to the entire Lutheran confession, including the formula of concordance—an obligation which, so far as it concerned the latter symbol, was exceedingly fatal to him.

In the beginning of the year 1652, he entered upon his office at Mittenwalde. Unfortunately, we possess no information with reference to his pastoral activity there; but we may conclude without any hesitancy that he fulfilled his duties in an exemplary manner. He lived in Mittenwalde five years, in the last of which he married Anna Maria, the daughter of his friend, Berthold, in Berlin. In June, 1657, he received a call from the magis-

trate of Berlin to a vacant deaconry in the Nikolai Church, which, as may be imagined, he accepted with joy and thankfulness, not having any presentiment of the new period of trial upon which he was about to enter.

His relation to his parish, as well as to his colleagues, was of the most pleasing description. And how could it be otherwise, when he had already been known so long, not only as one of the most gifted theologians and most zealous pastors, but as a man of the most upright character, the purest faith, and the most benevolent heart? The people of Berlin gathered in crowds to hear his preaching; and many souls were awakened by his words from a sleep of religious indifference. The ecclesiastical life of Berlin now seemed to be approaching a new era. The great controversy between the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches was already kindled when Gerhardt entered upon his ministry. More violent words of excommunication and accusation could never have been hurled from the pulpit against Rome, than those which the two Protestant confessions made use of against each other nearly every Sabbath. The Reformed were reviled by their Lutheran brethren as Sacramentarians, Antinomians, Rationalists, and Socinians, and their doctrines condemned as the grossest apostasy from the clear unequivocal words of the Scriptures; while the Reformed, who, for the most part, were satisfied with observing an attitude of defense, gave, in return, names and titles to their opponents which were not of a much milder nature. They called them Literalists, Kapernaists, and Formula-mongers, and cast the reproach at them that they were only half-detached from the Papacy.

Frederic William, the pious and excellent Elector, who had attached himself to the Reformed Church, and who had, with the greatest leniency, resolved to protect it in all its rights and privileges, had, for a long time, looked upon this controversy with the deepest sorrow, and spared no opportunity to reconcile the

contending parties. But his good intentions were all in vain, especially as regarded the Lutheran theologians, who were altogether unyielding. For the purpose of bringing about unity, the Elector, in the year 1662, invited the representatives of both confessions to a conference which, after many objections by the Lutherans, occurred. It was held in the saloon of the Electoral Library, under the Presidency of Baron Otto Von Schwerin.

Paul Gerhardt had now spent five long, tranquil years, almost untroubled about the outer world, in the faithful discharge of his pastoral duties in the Nikolai Church. In accordance with his affectionate nature, he had never been guilty of introducing angry controversies into the pulpit, bold as he was in the defense of his Lutheran faith; but, on the contrary, he was deeply grieved at these disputes, and earnestly prayed for the unity of all believers in the love of Christ. But the time had come when he, too, must enter the arena of battle, and soon we see him at the head of his party as its leader.

The conference was prolonged through no less than seventeen sittings. They were extended and repeated in a manner that was almost unendurable. The Lutherans asserted that the contents of their ecclesiastical symbols were in accordance with those of the Gospel; and, consequently, that the Reformed, wherever they differed from them and taught otherwise, were in error. The Reformed continually turned the discussion on the difference which existed between the fundamental and non-fundamental in the Protestant doctrines. The Lutherans contested the applicability of this principle to any of the articles contained in the creed, since they recognized them all as fundamental. At the wish of the Reformed that they should be considered as brethren by the Lutherans, they received the following equivocal and evasive answer, which does not even approach the point in question: "A Christian is one who possesses the true saving faith, pure

and undefiled, and who allows the fruits of the same to be seen in his life and conduct; I can not, therefore, consider a Reformed *qua talis* (as such) as a Christian." And this answer was even from Paul Gerhardt! The Reformed certainly erred in that they wanted to consider much of the Lutheran ecclesiastical teaching as unessential from the beginning, while it ought first to have undergone a deeper consideration.

- Both parties, unfortunately, failed to enter into exegetical explanations; and after the discussion had been prolonged through nearly an entire year, they found themselves about at the same point from which they started. Paul Gerhardt finally, in the name of his party, summed up the result of the conference in the following words:

"That they would firmly abide by all their doctrines; but they would be ready to show all neighborly and Christian love and friendship to the Reformed, and would likewise, with all their hearts, wish them salvation; still, they should retain the freedom and right of denouncing their irregular principles, both by writing and from the pulpit, and of contesting and confuting them by reason and argument."

The Elector perceived the uselessness of this conference with the greatest pain. But when it came to his ear that the controversy had broken out more violently and acrimoniously than before, he again published a decree, on the 16th of September, 1664, thousands of copies of which were dispersed throughout the land, in which he declared, most positively, "that he would no longer endure this confessional quarrel, and especially, this odious mutual accusation of heterodoxy;" adding to this peremptory declaration the command, "that if any one desired his child to be baptized without the so-called exorcism, the pastor requested to do so should grant this wish without farther ceremony." This edict, which moreover required that every clergyman should bind himself, by a written declaration, to the observation of the same;

and that, in case of refusal, he should expect to be dismissed from his office," produced a great sensation, first in Berlin, and then throughout the country, and gave occasion to numerous remonstrances.

The Elector demanded obedience to his command; and the first persons who felt the weight of his anger were Provost Lilius and Magister Reinhardt, both preachers in the Nikolai Church. They were discharged from their positions, in spite of the humblest remonstrances and pleas for mercy, not only of the Berlin magistrates and ministers, but also of the nobility of Brandenburg. It now came Gerhardt's turn to sign the declaration. He decidedly declared that he could not sign a declaration which forbade the combating of teachings opposed to his confession; and he accordingly shared the same fate as his two colleagues, one of whom, however, the Provost, was restored to his position on account of his subsequent submission.

The deposition of Gerhardt, who had never taken part in these controversies in a positively rancorous spirit, created the greatest surprise; and not merely among the members of his own confession, but the entire corporation of the capital humbly interceded with the Elector in his behalf. But it was all in vain. He declared that "he knew nothing of the special piety of Gerhardt; but he knew well that he had prevented the others not a little from subscribing to the declaration." The Elector at length resolved, in January, 1667, as he was continually besieged with petitions, "that as he had heard no complaints against Paul Gerhardt, except that he had refused to subscribe to the edict, his grace, the Elector, was therefore obliged to consider that he had not rightly comprehended the spirit of the edict, and that he would accordingly herewith fully restore him, and allow him to carry on his duties as before." The liveliest joy took possession of all minds; but Gerhardt did not participate in it. He expressed himself in opposition to the magistrate, as well as

to the Elector, with the greatest determination, although with deep humility, saying "that his conscience forbade him to make use of the Elector's pardon, since it was offered to him under the expressed supposition that he had only refused to subscribe to the electoral edict because he did not understand its meaning, and it would be confidently expected that he would live according to its contents, without having subscribed to it, and thus renounce the *formula concordia*, which was an essential part of the Lutheran confession."

After long and deliberate counsel with himself, he voluntarily resigned his position, not only to the regret of his parish, but of the entire Lutheran community of Berlin. He obeyed the voice of his conscience. If he erred, it was only in so far as the Formula of Concord, to which he was bound, erred in its excommunications against the Reformed confession. It commanded him to pronounce the anathema against the dissent of the latter. Could he not have acted otherwise with reference to the ecclesiastical and dogmatical stand-point which he accepted, and yet remain in office? Many were of the opinion that he could, since the electoral edict did not take away his liberty of combating other doctrines; but only forbade him to do so in a passionate and invidious manner. We leave the subject. Gerhardts alone had to answer before his God for the decisive step which he took.

Paul Gerhardt now found himself without office and without bread, with a family dependent upon him. But the love of his numerous friends in Berlin did not allow him to suffer. The measure of his grief, however, was full, when in March, 1668, his faithful and beloved wife died. But he even then sought and found comfort in prayer, and received consolation from his own hymn, "Befiehl du deine Wege," which we find translated as follows, by one of our best English authors:

"Commit thy way, confiding,
When trials here arise,
To Him whose hand is guiding
The tumults of the skies;

These, clouds and tempests raging,
Have each its path assigned,—
Will God, for thee engaging,
No way of safety find?

Trust in the Lord! His favor
Will for thy wants provide;
Regard his work,—and ever
Thy work shall safe abide;
When injuries o'ertake thee,
Or self-inflicted care,
Let not thy God forsake thee—
He listens for thy pray'r.

With eye that's never weary,
The God of truth and grace
Sees all that's bright or dreary,
Befalling all our race.
Of faith, whate'er opposes,
He makes the cause his own;
And when the conflict closes,
Thy victory shall be won.

The plan, to his discretion,
With all its parts resign!
Thou'lt find, on its completion,
The wonder will be thine;
How, what by thee was noted
As dark, now understood,
Most wisely has promoted
His glory and thy good.

The troubles, Lord, that try us—
O bring them to an end!
With needed strength supply us!
Thy love to us commend!
That we, till death pursuing
The best, thy chosen way,
May then, our life renewing,
Praise thee in endless day!

In October, 1668, he received a call from the town of Lübben, then belonging to the Elector of Saxony, to the archdeaconry of that place. In this call he recognized the hand of Providence, and entered upon the office in May, 1669.

We know nothing of his life and labors in Lübben, except in the beginning of his ministry the magistrate of that place caused him many inconveniences, which made him long for his previous life in Berlin. It is certain, however, that he fulfilled his pastoral duties here with the same conscientiousness as in his former parishes. He held his new office for seven years; and we are not surprised that now, in his seventieth year, he felt weary of his long and thorny pilgrimage, and heartily longed for rest. There was but one care now that troubled his heart, and that was his anxiety as to the future of his son Frederic, who was but fourteen years of age. But he succeeded in

casting even this care upon the Lord. As his last will, he wrote out for his son, whom he loved most tenderly, a number of rules for the guidance of his life, which may be summed up in the following words: "Pray diligently, study what is honest, live peacefully, serve faithfully, and remain constant in thy faith and confession; then, when the time comes that thou must die, thou shalt leave this world willingly, happily, and blessedly. Amen."

From this time he lay in the roadstead of eternity, ever ready to weigh anchor. He was already breathing the peaceful air of heaven. Once in the consciousness of his approaching end, he broke out, his countenance beaming like that of an angel, in the words of his own hymn: "Warum sollt' ich mich denn grämen." Soon afterward he peacefully bowed his head, closed his eyes, and passed over to the cloud of those witnesses of whom the world was not worthy. He died on the 7th of June, 1676. His remains were interred in the parish church of Lübben, in which may be seen a life-sized portrait of him, in oil, bearing the inscription, "*Theologus in cribro Satanae versatus;*" and beneath that, a Latin epigram.

Paul Gerhardt erected his most magnificent and enduring monument himself in his hymns. It is a matter of surprise that his poetical talent should have remained with him amid the confessional contests which he sustained for so many years. But all the external storms of life only drove him the more to the internal communion with his own heart, and helped to dig that inexhaustible fountain of living knowledge of salvation with which all his hymns abound. We know not to whom, after Luther, what is said of Abel in the Epistle to the Hebrews, that he still speaks, although dead, might be applied with greater justice than to Paul Gerhardt. No poet, down to the present time, has, since Luther, so touched the heart of German Christians as he. Many of his hymns became actual national songs, and were not only sung in the church and home, but in the

fields and forests. It is true that his hymns were not dictated so expressly for the congregation as such, like those of the poets contemporaneous with the Reformation, but more for personal necessity and individual conditions of soul. They are, therefore, considered of a subjective character. They, nevertheless, breathe the spirit of the Church to which he, with his whole soul, belonged, and exhibit the Lutheran confession as transplanted, in all its fullness, into a powerful, living, human heart. Gerhardt thus closes the list of those strict ecclesiastical poets who represented and glorified the faith according to its subjective side, and opens the choir of those in whose poetical effusions personal joy in the objects of faith prevails, and the sanctifying power which overcomes necessity and death, as the consequence of its subjective assumption, is made known.

Being in unity with his hymns, his whole personality attests their truth. He is what he sings. What he acknowledges he seals with his experience. As a man of unique Christian character, he stood at the head of his time in education, and reflected honor upon it as a poet, both in the form and wealth of thought of his compositions. Both Lutherans and Calvinists sang his hymns with equal pleasure and fervor. He embraced, with child-like love, all pure relations of human life, having become free and broad, and far removed from all morbid pietistic contractedness, and only moving in the spheres of a higher transfiguration.

Enough. Paul Gerhardt is ours! The whole of Protestant Christendom says this of few with more just pride, and more joyful gratitude to God, than of him. No other nation can boast of just another such an ecclesiastical poet. May he continue to sing the clouds away from the brows of the anxious, and the mists away from the eyes of the doubting, as he has done many thousands of times, and bear all who listen to or accompany his harp, with himself, to the serene sunny height, above the storms and troubles of life.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

THE ELECTION OF A POPE.

THE most important as well as the most interesting of all ceremonies in the Catholic Church, unquestionably, is the election of a Pope. Not only all Christendom, but all the states of Europe, their rulers no less than their peoples, nay, the entire civilized world, have taken, for centuries, an absorbing interest in that event. For the so-called Catholic powers, this election possesses a peculiar significance. Pius IX is now past eighty-one, and it has been his rare good fortune to survive the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign—a privilege which was reserved for few of his predecessors in the Papal chair. In spite of occasional illness, his constitution still seems robust; but such an advanced age is in itself ominous. The days of Pius IX are probably numbered; and another election can not be very remote.

The quarter of a century during which the present Pope has reigned was fruitful in memorable events. When his successor is to be chosen, the election will no doubt come off in strict conformity with the formalities and customs which centuries have consecrated; but the proceedings will no longer be as solemn and impressive as on former occasions. The Pope has now ceased to be a worldly sovereign, and his office has thereby lost much of its nimbus, especially in the eyes of non-Catholics. The ancient Rome, for a thousand years the absolute property of the Popedom, is now the political capital of the Italian monarchy, and the majesty which surrounded the Pontiff has passed to the King. The latter circumstance will naturally invest the next Papal election with a different meaning. Not even to the Romans themselves will the Pope henceforth be the central figure. From the day on which Rome became the Italian capital, the Pope has confined himself to the immediate precincts of the Vatican; and having shown himself so little in the city, its inhabitants are said

to have almost forgotten his existence. And yet, in spite of these changes, the Pope will always remain a conspicuous and interesting character. His position in the Catholic Church is not altered; on the contrary, his proclamation of the infallibility dogma has, if possible, increased his influence and power. The strife which has lately rent the Church and embroiled the spiritual with the temporal power, can hardly tend to make the world indifferent to the man who sits at such a time in the chair of St. Peter. The death of Pius IX will probably be the signal for a bitter struggle over the succession, and fix once more the eyes of mankind in anxious suspense on the Conclave which is then to assemble at the Vatican. Let us take a nearer look at this body before it meets.

During the first three centuries of the Christian era, the Popes were elected in Rome by the assembled clergy and the entire body of the inhabitants of the city. The Pope-elect paid an installation-fee to the reigning Roman sovereign, a custom which had not been entirely discontinued even in the days of the predecessor of that Gregory VII, at whose footstool the Emperor Henry IV was compelled to humble himself. It was under Gregory VII that the Church first became fully cognizant of its power. In 1179, during the session of the third Lateran Council, under Pope Alexander IV, the custom of electing the Pope exclusively by and from the cardinals was first introduced, and the old practice discontinued. At the same Council, too, was adopted the rule which interdicts all communications, oral or written, with the members assembled in Conclave; and a century later (1274), Pope Gregory X ordered that the cardinals, while voting for a Pope, should be locked up in separate cells and there eat and sleep. The bulls of subsequent Popes promulgated other rules to govern the election of their successors in office,

such as the swearing in of the cardinals, the manner of voting, etc.

The state of the Pope's health is always watched with the keenest solicitude by those who surround his person. If it is failing, if the Pope is taken seriously ill, and his end is thought to be near, a scene of bustle and excitement ensues at the Vatican. The cardinals assemble, the higher and the lower clergy, the Roman nobility, the foreign ambassadors—all are in intense suspense. In the midst of the prevailing confusion it has actually occurred that the sick Pope was forgotten; that his personal attendants left him alone, to attend to their own concerns, which they considered of greater importance than the care of a dying old man, from whose favor they had no longer any thing to expect. The great bell of the Capitol, which announces to the people of Rome and the whole Catholic world the Pope's death, keeps tolling for nine days and nine nights. These nine days (the mourning nones) are spent in prayer, the singing of psalms, and in intriguing. The theaters, the courts, the schools, are closed. With the death of the Pope, all public offices expire, all business stands still, and all amusements cease.

After the death of the Pope, the theocratic sovereignty reverts back to the Holy College, composed of the cardinals; and until this body meets, until the formal opening of the Conclave, the cardinal-chamberlain (Camerlengo) officiates in a certain sense as the head of the Papal States, as their interministic regent. He has even been known to have coins struck in his own name and bearing his coat of arms. Many eminences of this brief *régime*—the Conclave being usually opened nine days after the Pope's death—are said to have realized large fortunes out of their brief lease of authority.

The interregnum confers on the Roman people a sovereign right which will now be withdrawn—the right to bear arms. This arming was, however, little more than a form. As soon as the Pope had drawn his last breath, the "Defenders of the Roman people," as they were

called, summoned the Council of the Hundred to the Capitol, after which began the enlistment of two hundred men, especially detailed to guard the Vatican. The troop was placed under the command of a captain and an ensign, the former of whom had to be a member of one of the old Patrician families of Rome. This extemporized militia made the capital its headquarters, stationed sentinels in the fourteen districts of the city, and patrolled the streets by day and night. It also watched over the safety of the Ghetto and the bridges. The Bridge of the Angels, however, was guarded by the noble house of the Matei, which, in accordance with an ancient privilege, maintains for this express purpose, a small force of retainers who wear its livery.

Nominally, the police duties of Rome are delegated to the "Senator of Rome" and the Caproni, who plant, during the session of the Conclave, the banner of the Church in front of their palaces, in token of their official dignity. The Caproni, or District Police Commissaries, wield little power; and the "Senator of Rome," too, has become a mere man of straw. At one time, however, this heir of the old *Patres Conscripti* was omnipotent. As the "Dictator of the Roman people," he was more tribune than senator, and the memory of Braucaléone d'Audolfo, who leveled castles and beheaded nobles, is still gratefully remembered by the masses, though the proud patricians mention the name only with terror and loathing. But the "Senator's" ancient glory is gone. In spite of his gold-embroidered robes, massive chain, and ivory scepter, the supreme arbiter of the Eternal City has come to be a common *ædile* who opens the horse-races during the Carnival. Once the post was held by princes of Rome's proudest families. The "Senator" lived at the Capitol, and his three aids, no less gorgeously attired than he, bore the name of "Defenders of the Roman people."

The death bells ringing at the Capitol announce that the Pope is no more. These mournful sounds electrify the pop-

ulation, startle hut and palace. People forsake their houses for the streets; there is hurrying to and fro in hot haste, yet without a definite purpose. Every body wants to see, every body wants to hear, and every body wants to know; but none can tell exactly what. Men run, stand still, and look about. The public squares and the principal thoroughfares are densely packed with groups of idlers. Nobles, ecclesiastics, monks, merchants, artists, laborers, foreigners, natives, all nationalities, all ranks, mingle promiscuously. Few bestow a single thought on the dead Pope, whose corpse has hardly had time to get cold. His good or bad qualities no longer concern the public; they are left to the judgment of a higher tribunal. As the needle turns to the pole, so all minds are fixed on the next Pope. It is he alone that is spoken of; his personality excites endless speculation and conjecture. Wagers are secretly laid on the chances of this or that candidate in the Conclave. Not only in the Conclave of the Vatican, but in the conclave of the streets, a dozen Popes are proposed and rejected. In spite of the bull of Pius VI, bets are offered on the success of certain cardinals, just as men bet on a horse; and the emissaries of the rival factions are carefully feeling the public pulse. The most diverse religious parties—Liberals, Revolutionists, Reactionaries, the foreign ambassadors—all are represented on the streets by agents working in their respective interests.

Such is the character of the scenes which the public squares and the streets of Rome present during the days of the interregnum and pending the Papal election; nor is the Rome of the palaces less stirred and excited at this period. The same pitfalls which the inferior diplomacy sets in the streets are employed by the higher in the *salons*. All the excellencies, all the eminences, are embarked in the campaign; their equipages cross one another, and scatter the multitude, which opens before and closes behind them, like the waves of the Red Sea after Moses. The elective republic at the Vat-

ican, which is a kind of modern clerical Poland, has hitherto received its counter-sign from Paris, Vienna, and Madrid, who have a sort of veto on the vote.

By ancient usage the Conclave usually meets at the Vatican, though there is no special ordinance on the subject; on the contrary, the ecclesiastical rules leave it at the option of the cardinals to say where they shall assemble. The last Conclave, the one which elected Pius IX, met in the palace of the Quirinal, because it occurred in the Summer, and the malaria which prevailed within the walls of the old city, had, on that occasion, invaded the precincts of the Pontifical residence. The more healthily situated and airy Quirinal palace offered, therefore, a decided advantage, even though the cardinal electors, locked up between the wooden walls of their cells, could neither use its lofty halls, nor breathe the cool air of its magnificent gardens. Otherwise, it is usual to put up a row of wooden boxes, or cells, in the so-called *Sale Ducale*, the largest apartment of the Vatican. These cells are each ten feet square, with an empty space half a foot wide between them. A small stairway leads from each cell to an upper room, in which are lodged the secretary and the confessor of the cardinal elector below. The cells are as many as there are members of the Conclave, and they are numbered and assigned by lot. The door of each cell bears the coat of arms of its tenant. The interior of the cells is hung with some dark woolen stuff. Besides the secretary and the confessor, who accompany each cardinal to the Conclave, he is allowed his valet, a barber, an apothecary, and, should his health require it, a physician. In this manner the population of a Conclave is often quite large. Every valet, who is locked up with his master to the end of the election, receives four hundred livres from the treasury, and the freedom of the city. The secretaries, almost invariably the friends and confidants of the cardinals, are generally adroit politicians, who often exert an important influence in the choice of a

Pope. After the members of the Conclave have been locked up in their cells, they are no more allowed to leave them. The Papal election has then commenced, and their seclusion must continue while it lasts. Every elector is obliged to take the prescribed oath before he enters the Conclave.

During this time the police of the palace is intrusted to the hands of a high lay official, entitled the Marshal of the Conclave. He lives on the place, has charge of the keys, and he alone is authorized to open and shut the cells, the doors of which are guarded by the Swiss of the Pope's body-guard. The first of the "Defenders of the Roman People" acts as the marshal's deputy; but as long as the Conclave is in session, it is the marshal who is the real Cerberus of the palace. None can enter it without his leave, and even then only after a strict search of his person. The marshal also inspects the meals which are daily brought to the cells, in order to see that no letters may be secreted among the dishes; for the cooking for the cardinals is done in their own palaces, and by their own cooks.

Punctually at the hour of noon the Conclave is provisioned for the day. In solemn procession the meals are brought from the palace of each cardinal. The entire household turns out in its best liveries, under the command of the majordomo, while the head cook superintends the stowing away of the dishes into a gigantic purple-colored tin box. This box is placed on a purple litter, borne by two lackeys in their grand livery. The *cortege* is headed by two heralds, with staffs in their hands, and closed by the state-carriage of his Eminence, which, though empty on such occasions, is considered an indispensable appendage to the pageant. The clumsy splendor of the cardinals' carriages is one of the characteristic shows of Rome. They are painted a bright purple—the official color—and surmounted at the four corners by a high, massive scroll-work, heavily gilt. The vehicles are often adorned with fine

pictures, and bear the coats of arms of their proprietors.

During the whole time that the Conclave is in session, these processions may be seen, precisely at the stroke of twelve, threading their way through the streets of the city, in order that the princes of the Church may receive the food provided for their bodies. The Roman populace, like their classic ancestors, are very fond of every kind of show, and never fail to attend the gastronomical exhibitions in dense crowds; they form regular lanes, through which the processions pass, curiously eye the gorgeous *corteges* that defile before them, and indulge in jocose conjectures over the contents of the boxes. Long before noon the gates of the Vatican are besieged by a vast and expectant multitude. The several processions usually meet in the neighborhood of the palace, and arrive at the main entrance in a compact body. The portals are, of course, closed, and can not be entered. But there are four openings, each provided with a dumb-waiter, by which the meals prepared for the cardinals are passed inside. As the boxes are successively handed in, the name of the cardinal for whom each is intended is called out. The process of distributing the dishes is generally superintended by the marshal in person. When this is over, the servants form again in line, and, followed by the state-carriages, return, in the same order as they came, to their respective palaces.

Another ceremony connected with the Conclave, and which excites in a still greater degree the interest of the Romans, is the fumade. Every morning at eleven o'clock, and every evening at five, the electors, assembled in Conclave, proceed to the Scrutinium for the purpose of voting. This they repeat as long as the scrutiny of the votes cast shows that none of the candidates has received two hundred and thirteen of the whole number of votes, this being the least number requisite, under the bull promulgated by Alexander IV, for the choice of a Pope. The voting proceeds by folded ballots, on which

each elector writes the words, "*Ego eligo in summum Pontificem Reverendum Dominum Cardinalem, U. U.*" This folded ballot, the size of a folio sheet, is inclosed in four envelopes, upon the last of which the elector writes his name, and then seals the whole. The scrutiny takes place in the chapel. The cardinals are seated on their benches and hold the ballots in their hands. Rising, one after the other, they walk up to the altar, where they drop the ballots in a chalice, which is placed there for that purpose. When all the votes have been cast, the ballots are unfolded by the Governor of the Conclave, assisted by the first "Defender of the Roman people." The result of the vote is then announced; and if it is less than two hundred and thirteen for any one candidate, the cardinals return to their cells. The ballots are taken to a particular room in the palace and burnt. The smoke thus produced is carried off through a pipe especially provided for this object, and can be plainly seen by the people outside.

This proceeding is called the fumade, and the multitude watch it with intense interest. About eleven in the morning and five in the afternoon, a vast concourse of people fills the vacant spaces near the Conclave Palace to observe the result. All gaze in breathless suspense. If a faint volume of smoke ascends into the air, the scrutiny has been ineffective, and the Pope is still to be elected; but if no smoke rises within twenty minutes of the appointed hours, then it is a sign that the ballots have become too precious to be burned, and the Pope is elected.

The interest which the Roman populace take in the fumade is quite natural. Until the last election, the Church-State, in so far as its temporal government is concerned, was the embodiment of the most absolute monarchy. Every citizen had, therefore, a direct personal interest in the new ruler. As a worldly sovereign, the Pope was more absolute than the Czar of Russia; to him literally applied the maxim of Louis XIV, "*L'état c'est moi.*" He was above the law, he

revised the decisions of the courts; in short, the Pope was an autocrat. And if we further consider the incentive of interest, and the sharp spur of ambition—for nearly every Roman stood in more or less close relations to some cardinal whose election would be a personal benefit to him—it is easy to understand the feverish impatience with which the multitude watched the fumade, the intense suspense and excitement which prevailed in Rome when the faint column of smoke failed to ascend from the pipe at the expected time.

In so far as the cardinals assembled in Conclave were affected by their imprisonment, it was often too trying not to prove a serious hardship for the majority of them. Generally men of advanced age, sickly and feeble, they greatly missed the comforts of their palaces. Their confinement frequently became at last so irksome that, weary of deliberation and the careful weighing of rival pretensions, they would even forego their preferences, and suddenly cast their votes for the most eligible candidate, merely in order to regain their liberty. Hence the Roman adage: "The Pope never comes until the cardinals are sick of him."

The Governor of the Conclave is the *major-domo* whose special duty it is to preside over the Scrutinium, and to take care that none of the cardinal electors are tampered with by outside influences. The latter, of course, under exceptional circumstances, may receive visits, but only at a grated side-door (*esportello*), and always in the presence of one of the four auditors (*ascoltatori*), who must hear every word, and who watches even the mien and gestures of the speakers. The foreign ambassadors are entitled to a general audience with the Conclave. On the demise of the Pope, their mission expires, and they have to be newly accredited by the interministic authority before they can legally exercise their diplomatic functions. They call, therefore, in full gala, on the Marshal of the Conclave. Conducted by him into the hall of audience, they are formally pre-

sented to the assembled cardinals, and hand their credentials to the Cardinal Chamberlain and the three Cardinal Superiors of Orders, to whom this duty is especially assigned. The excellencies bend one knee, while the eminences stand erect and with covered heads; for, as the next Pope is among them, the Conclave represents the divine majesty as well as the temporal authority.

The Cardinal Superiors of Orders relieve one another daily in their high office. During the sitting of the Conclave they are the real bearers of the spiritual and temporal sovereignty at the Vatican, like the Cardinal Chamberlain during the mourning nones; for the Conclave only meets after their close. The Cardinal Superiors of Orders govern the Church-State and the Church until the election is over. The new order of things at Rome, we need scarcely say, will relieve them of their temporal cares hereafter.

During this entire period the clergy is absorbed in continued prayer. All orders and societies, ecclesiastic and lay, are abroad on a pilgrimage from Church to Church, partaking of the sacrament. All the religious, including the mendicant friars, assemble in the morning in the Church of St. Laurentius. Thence, singing litanies to the saints, they march in procession to the Palace of the Conclave. This is repeated until the new Pope is elected.

There are also prayers in the Conclave. In the morning, before the cardinals proceed to the Scrutinium, they hear a mass to the Holy Ghost in the chapel. On the way there, they intone the *Veni, Creator Spiritus*.

For several centuries, the Papal elections have been subject to the veto of Austria, France, Spain, and Naples, the so-called Catholic powers, who claim the right of exclusion. Any one of these powers may object to a candidate whose election it considers prejudicial to its interests. But as the veto can be exercised only once by each power, the Conclave manages to make this privilege practically worthless by presenting, in the first

instance, candidates known to be objectionable. It is not until the vetoes have been exhausted that the real candidate is put forward, and the contest opens in earnest. The courts, of course, are aware of this game; but they find it almost hopeless to cope with the cardinals in Conclave. They have to trust to the skill of their agents for the defeat of an obnoxious candidate to the chair of St. Peter; and hence, the uneasiness with which the result of the election is always looked forward to by the governments most directly interested. Thus the Machiavelian spirit finds ample scope for display in this narrow field.

During the session of the Conclave, the foreign diplomacy has its hands full, and is in constant communication with the holy college. Cardinals, secretaries, confessors, valets, barbers, physicians, and whoever else has access to the Conclave,—all are subsidized. No matter how strictly the Marshal of the Conclave may guard the access to the palace, however carefully the "Defenders of the People" may search the dishes that pass in and out, there is no lack of secret messages which reach the different embassies from the Conclave, or of little notes, containing tempting inducements, that find their way, in some mysterious manner, from the embassies to the lonely cells of the cardinals.

The result of all this intriguing is, however, always the same. A candidate whose name has been most prominently mentioned in connection with the Papacy has generally very little chance to succeed. The triple crown, after dazzling successive aspirants, usually descends on the head of some one before hardly so much as thought of. A cardinal distinguished for his abilities and virtues is rarely chosen Pope; and for this reason many who aspire to the keys of St. Peter often affect a feebleness and indecision of character which is foreign to them. In a few instances this game has actually succeeded. It also explains why we discover so few really great men among the more than two hundred and fifty successors

of St. Peter. In fact, these few truly able men were elected in spite, and not because, of their superior qualities. The Italian adage, that "He who goes into the Conclave as Pope is sure to come out a cardinal," is therefore fully justified.

With the life and reign of Pius IX, will close an epoch ever memorable in the history of the Popedom. He will be the last of a long series of Popes who were for a thousand years elected under the self-same political conditions, and the first of those Popes who will hereafter have to be content with the spiritual authority alone, and to whom the Popedom will no longer bring temporal power. Only a little more than twenty-six years have passed since Pius IX ascended the throne, and yet what changes have occurred within this comparatively short space of time! When Cardinal Mastai Ferreti, one of the youngest members of the Holy College, was crowned with the triple tiara, the old Austria still ruled, under Metternich's auspices, in Germany and Italy. On the throne of France sat the Citizen King. The Bourbons ruled in Spain and Naples. No revolutionary cloud darkened the European horizon. When Pius IX is gathered to his fathers, the sound of the death-bell will be wafted far beyond the Papal territory, and the Romans will be reminded that their ancient rulers must henceforth be subjects like themselves. Austria, the greatest Catholic State, will be considerably re-

duced in size, and stripped of its influence in Germany and Italy. Imperial France, the oldest daughter of the Church, will be vanquished and humbled, and no longer be the champion of the Church against her foes. The Bourbons will all be in exile. Portugal, the only Catholic power which remains unchanged, will be as feeble as ever. On the other hand, heretic Prussia will be the German Empire and the arbiter of the Continent, and insist, no doubt, on exerting a certain influence over the Conclave, at least in so far as to oppose the election of a Pope with avowedly French or Ultramontane sympathies. Moreover, the next Papal election will find introduced throughout Europe, nay, over the entire globe, a system of communication that was unknown when Pius IX ascended the Pontifical throne. When the cardinals meet again in Conclave, not only the Romans, but all civilized nations, will anxiously look forward to the result of their vote. The news announced by the fumade will be known simultaneously in Vienna, Paris, Madrid, Berlin, London, St. Petersburg, and New York. Even the secrets of the cells are very likely to be daily telegraphed to the remotest parts of the earth, and that in spite of marshals, governors, and "Defenders of the Roman people." Let the electric wires once gain access to the Vatican, the Conclave must lose all its former significance, and become a mere matter of form. W. P. MORRAS.

SATURDAY EVENING.

HOW sweet the evening shadows fall,
 Advancing from the west,
 And ends the weary week of toil,
 And comes the day of rest!
 Bright o'er the earth the star of eve
 Her radiant beauty sheds;
 And myriad sisters calmly weave
 Their light around our heads.

Rest, man, from labor! rest from sin!
 The world's hard contest close;
 The holy hours with God begin—
 Yield thee to sweet repose.
 Bright o'er the earth the morning ray
 Its sacred light will cast,
 Fair emblem of the glorious day
 That evermore shall last.

THE PETREL'S LAST VOYAGE.

NORTHWARD I sailed, and I sailed to
the west;
And far I sailed from my Mollie's breast.

The truest eyes that ever man knew;
The truest lips, and heart as true.

For a little word, but lightly said,
I had turned and left, and wished us dead.

For a little word, that any might say,
I crushed my heart and left the bay.

"Whither sail you so?" the Norseman cried.
"Further north," I said, in my senseless
pride.

Further north I sailed for many a day,
Till my gallant ship was cast away.

Was cast away—and I, forlorn,
On a desert isle, could not return.

Then I thought with remorse of my patient
wife,

Till hope was broken from my life.

Her gentle acts, unkindly met,
Returned on me with all regret;

And day and night, for months and years,
My heart grew sore with doubts and fears.

But at last there came a passing sail
That bore me back to Innisfail.

Again I saw my native land—
I stood once more by the rocky strand.

They knew me when I spoke her name—
When I asked for her—with a flush of shame.

"Above her the Summer grasses wave.
For many a year she is in her grave.

She was far too good for such as you,"
They said. And I answered, "It is true."

Their words fell blacker than my fear;
Alas! that I should live to hear!

Alas! that I should have undone
The hope and the life that I had won!

The faithful heart has turned to dust;
But where is the love, and where is the
trust?

Yet false were the cruel words they said:
She came to me as from the dead.

She came to me—how can I tell?
O God, thou doest all things well.

She clung to me; she kissed my face;
She brought me to our dwelling-place.

And when I saw where, every night,
For me had burned the watchful light,

How hard she had striven, day by day,—
What was there then for me to say?

O woman, God has made you fair,
And brave and pure, beyond compare!

And gold and rubies can not buy
The love that can such ills defy.

HENRY GILLMAN.

THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

THE golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds,
Dissolved in glory, float;
And mid-way of the radiant flood
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,
The sky a sea as well;

And which is earth and which the heavens,
The eye can scarcely tell.

So, when for us life's evening hour,
Soft fading, shall descend,
May glory, born of earth and heaven,
The earth and heaven blend!

Flooded with peace the spirit floats,
While silent raptures glow,
Till where earth ends and heaven begins
The soul shall scarcely know.

LONGFELLOW.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES.

THE old church was at the foot of rugged New England hills, cold, grand, and gloomy as a prison in all its furnishings and surroundings. Great bars were placed athwart its double doors; the town clock struck from its belfry each hour in the day, and the heavy bell echoed its solemn peal from week to week. Not at all did it look as if this forbidding place was the one where the Savior waited to welcome sinners to his arms. Judgment, terrible, cruel judgment, was written upon and around it; and from its high pulpit, where the stern minister looked down upon the people like a messenger of God's wrath, judgment was proclaimed oftener than mercy. Long sermons, closely written, nestled in a black morocco case, and we watched the turning of the leaves to see how nearly they were at an end. O, the minutes that we have counted in watching till the end should come, the end of doctrines that we could not understand, and of sentences and words too hard to remember, even if we could have pronounced them. The square pews were stiff and formal, and stiff and formal people came, Sabbath after Sabbath, to fill them. Sold every year to the highest bidder, the rich sat near the pulpit, the middle class in the center, while the poor were driven to the door or into the gallery, where, in those days, the negroes were crowded to one side, colonized in God's sanctuary as well as in public vehicles and places of amusement. The tall organ reached nearly to the roof of the building from its high place in the gallery, and behind it a boy always sat in Church-time, to supply it with air, by keeping the lever in motion with his foot. One Sunday the "organ-blower" went to sleep, and as the organist struck the keys, nothing came of it but a most ludicrous squeak, which made us all come as near to laughing as we dared. The psalms and hymns were long and tedious, and were set to

tunes which to-day we should never think of singing, except at funerals. Dreary indeed were they to the ears of a child who loved nothing so well as pretty poetry and lively music. Then the deacon was old and tall, and gray as seventy years could make him. He was our reverence and fear; but sometimes, at our father's house, he would unbend a little to our child capacity, and try to make himself agreeable. He was a jeweler, and had promised us a silver thimble on condition that we would learn a certain number of verses of Scripture, a task which we gladly accomplished, going afterward, at his invitation, for our reward, to spend an afternoon with his wife and daughters. Neither of these were fond of children, and we were not long in finding out that they were not specially glad to see us. The thimble was ours; but the memory of that long, cold afternoon has haunted a life-time of more than forty years. One kind word, one smile, one pleasant recollection, is not ours to record in this brief story. When one feels the first chill of Autumn he may know how we felt then. In the prayers that he sent up from the old pulpit, the minister stood up straight as a pine, with one hand raised, and in a monotonous voice, asked the blessing of God upon his people. Here, and in Sunday-school, we were taught that, from the foundation of the world, our Almighty Father had chosen those whom he wished to be saved, and that nothing which we did, whether of good or evil, could alter his decree. Night after night we went to sleep, pondering this idea in our minds. If we are to be saved, we shall be, whether we are good or not, and what difference does it make; only it is better to be good because it makes father and mother happier.

Be it remembered that this was forty years ago, and that these "childhood memories" are written that we may

know something of times that are past as well as of those that are now passing. There was another church besides that under the hill, to which we sometimes liked to go; though a mystery was connected with it, which we now understand, but were then slow in solving. It was a plain, neatly painted building on the outside; inside were narrow slips instead of square pews; the pulpit was not high, and there was a pretty gallery for the few singers that came to sing for the small congregation. The minister was sometimes a common farmer, a man whom we often saw in town on a week-day, selling beans and vegetables, but who was highly spoken of for his obliging manners and honest dealing. He wore a blue coat with brass buttons, which looked very strange by the side of the old minister's suit of solemn black. But around his neck was a snow-white cravat, which reminded us of the "clean heart" of which he often spoke. This plain man never read his sermons; but, taking his text from the Gospels or Epistles, he spoke words of comfort to the sorrowing, strength to the believer, and exhortation to the wicked. He did not preach like the old parson as we soon found out, young as we were. As near as we can remember, the import of what he said was this: God had created the world, and had no favorites among rich or poor. It was our own fault if we were not saved in heaven when we died, and if we did not live devoted to the dear Savior, who had died for us. All that was required of us was, to believe and keep his commandments. His tender mercy was over us all. Young as we then were, there was a comfort to us in these thoughts such as we had never felt under the preaching of the old minister in the church under the hill. To be sure, the language was not always grammatical, and the people that went here were far different from those who attended there. If we asked questions about the difference at home, we were vaguely answered, and we surmised that our going there was not agreeable to many of our friends. Why, we could

not tell, and we did not then, as now, understand the reason. The old minister, as we said, stood up to pray; the one with the blue coat kneeled down, with his hands reverently clasped on the Bible before him; and closed with the Lord's Prayer, which we seldom heard in the old church. Sometimes a better preacher came; but none ever for whom we had greater respect than the one in the blue coat. Ridicule sometimes followed his language and manners from people who called themselves Christians. This we thought unkind, and we went to sleep many nights trying to reconcile differences which are plain to us now. The singing, too, was so unlike what we heard down town, that we wondered what should make the disparity. There was no organ. In the hymn-book there were no psalms, only hymns. Instead of the name of Watts we found that of Wesley, of whom the preachers often spoke as a holy man as well as a man of profound learning. The people sang all over the house, though the social and friendly spirit of the worship frequently drew in from the neighborhood a little choir of young people. Here, too, in the vestry, were held evening prayer-meetings unlike any thing with which we were familiar. Some one struck up a lively tune, in which all joined. Then the people prayed and spoke, and what was strange to us was, that *women* prayed and spoke through all the exercises. There was one sister whose sweet voice has long ago joined the angel choir. How often we have heard it leading the rich chorus:

"My God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.
I hold thee with a trembling hand
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy fulness know."

She was large, broad-shouldered, not handsome, but with such a beautiful radiance illuminating her sweet face that one could not help loving and being drawn to her. And love her every body did. Of high birth and some edu-

cation, a lady in the best sense of that much-abused word, it was a wonder to many why she had cast in her lot with that lowly people; a people that were then "every-where spoken against." She had a husband who never came to his family, but spent his time in dram-shops and places of sin. She made her own living in part; but, as her sons grew older, they helped their mother, so that she was always comfortably situated. She wore a rich suit of gray, made in Quaker style, for her Sunday dress. One of these boys studied law, and was for many years a member of Congress. Brilliant as a man of learning and influence, he was his mother's pride and prayer; but never religious in her meaning of that word. Still, he cheerfully put money in her hands, for many years, to aid in supporting the Gospel in the Church to which she belonged. Then, there was our school-teacher, a general favorite with the children, whom she taught for many years, in the old school-house, reading, writing, geography, grammar, and Da-boll's arithmetic.

Miss Muller was a single woman whom no one ever thought of calling by that disrespectful term, "old maid." Lovely and beautiful herself, her life was good and gentle, devoted to religious duties, in which she never lost an opportunity for charity to the poor, or attention to the sick and afflicted. There was a singular man, also, who always had a prayer to make in these little neighborhood meetings. He had been educated to go to Church where the people read their prayers from books, and his was almost always the same in language and expression. One sentence we never have forgotten as part of his petition: "O Lord, come over the many mountains of our sins; may a great light shine around and glory in the midst." He was a hatter by trade, honest in all his dealings, and had the universal respect of his neighbors, although strangely eccentric.

Then, again, there was a dear, good old man with one eye, black as a coal, a bald head, and nerves ajar with every

excitement. His prayers and exhortations always added interest to these social meetings. With the Church on the hill, there was a little Sunday-school, in which we were taught very differently from what we were taught in the Sabbath-school under the hill. It did not make any difference whether we were "dressed up" or not when we went here. There was no formality about it, and we always heard something which led us to think throughout the week, even if our books were not as many and our lessons as hard. Our teachers did not ask us such puzzling questions, but talked to us in a kind, friendly way about the Savior. It was here that we first felt his love as being in store for us.

As time passed on, the young people began to be drawn into the Church on the hill. A dear brother came to its communion, and has since been faithfully serving its interests in many capacities. A great many other people, whom we have not thought of, came to the church on the hill. But those we have mentioned are the ones we loved best, and who were most in sympathy with us as children—a feeling which we often think is lacking in Christians, who somehow stand in the minds of the young as types of Christ. And if Christians don't love children, how can they make them believe that Christ does? It was in the Church on the hill that we were drawn in loving channels of thought to love the story of the Cross, because we saw that here the Cross on earth was daily borne in the lives of all its members.

There was an old colored woman who never missed these meetings. She had one seat which she always occupied, in a corner by herself; and was our wonder and love, though then her race was in slavery, and thought only fit to serve. She wore a great, green calash which more than half concealed her shining face and the corners of the white of the eyes; but her clear, clean, ivory teeth always showed through the veil. She ever had something good to say, and sang, in a sweet, shaky voice, beautiful

hymns of the Cross that we had never heard before. These hymns so moved upon our hearts that we felt drawn to the Savior as we had never been anywhere else but in the vestry of the Church on the hill. Old Chloe had a husband who did very little for his family; and she went out to work and took in washing for a living. Prince was one of her boys, a good, dutiful son, but sickly. Prince went to the public-schools. We are ashamed to say that the teacher was not above being negligent and even cruel to poor Prince simply because he was black. We remember, as if it were but yesterday, how many times the schoolmaster seized the poor boy by the collar of his coat and jerked him into the middle of the room, and whaled him with a great rod till he shrieked with pain and writhed in convulsions of sobs and tears; and all for the slightest offense or least mistake. He was then every day coming down with consumption, of which he afterward died. If patience and gentleness and a sweet experience of the Savior's love will open to us the heavenly world, Prince has been all these years in heaven, singing the praises of God—praises which he and old Chloe so loved to sing on earth. The treatment that Prince received from our teacher expressed the feeling which at that time largely prevailed in New England toward the negro race. It was then considered disgraceful to speak of the abolition of slavery. A good many times we have gone crying home because impertinent children threw

in our face that our father was an "old Abolitionist;" and that our brother had joined, and was going to be a minister in, the Church on the hill, to which old Aunt Chloe belonged.

Slavery has since been abolished, and no more bondage for the negro race exists under the American flag; yet if some one had not had the courage to bear the ridicule, but had turned back because of it, the abolition of slavery could not have been accomplished. It was just so with the Church on the hill. Its few unobtrusive but worthy members were derided and shunned. Where are they now? With the holy company that have gone to sing the praises of God! The sect to which that Church belongs is now one of the largest religious bodies in the world. Men of profound learning have filled its pulpits. It has the best schools and colleges, the finest temples of worship, the most devout as well as the most wealthy congregations, and the largest publishing-houses for magazines and papers. And all this has come to pass because the first few faithful standard-bearers stood by their colors, and did not turn back on account of what was said by prejudice and pride. And this, too, because of the earnestness and enthusiasm and the eloquence of the spirit that has always, from its humble beginning, marked the members of that grand society, from whose publishing-house, in Cincinnati, emanate the pages of this magazine, the "Queen of Monthlies."

MARY W. ALEXANDER.

GIVE ME THE LOWEST PLACE.

GIVE me the lowest place; not that I dare
 Ask for that lowest place; but thou hast died
 That I might live and share
 Thy glory by thy side.
 Give me the lowest place; or if for me
 That lowest place be too high, make one more low,
 Where I may sit and see
 My God, and love thee so.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE DOCTRINE OF RECOGNITION.

FIRST PAPER.

BY BISHOP R. S. FOSTER.

IN the following papers the immortality of man is postulated. If there are doubters, the discussion is not designed for them; will not benefit them; can, in fact, be of no special interest to them. The question of vital concernment to such lies back, and must be sought elsewhere. We write now for those who believe in the discrete existence and permanent consciousness of the personal soul after death. To such—and they constitute the mass of the species—the whole subject of future life is one of transcendent interest. We treat a single phase of it,—*The Doctrine of Recognition*. Do souls, in the realm beyond death, meet and recognize those with whom they were associated in this earthly life?

There may be subjects of greater practical moment: there can scarcely be one of more thrilling interest. It has a voice for us all, and in moments of supremest need comes home to every heart. As often as we think of the dead, and remember the love we bore them—and when do we not think and remember?—as often as we look upon the living, and reflect how soon we shall be parted from them; as often as we turn our thoughts upon ourselves, and meditate of the exceeding brevity and uncertainty of the life we are now living, and how soon all its joys and sorrows will be extinguished in the grave, which stands open to receive us; and whenever our minds are startled with intimations of eternity and the awful mysteries it holds in its embrace for us,—in all such seasons the question crowds upon us with mastering influence. Displaced for a little by present urgencies, it soon returns; silenced for a moment, it comes back with more clamorous pleadings.

Nor is it in morbid seasons alone, when the heart is smitten with grief, or when

meditations of the grave and approaching separations cast somber shadows over life; or when we stand shivering on the brink, expecting every moment when we shall plunge; but at all times, whenever the subject is brought to our notice, it at once seizes us with masterful power, and holds us for the while its willing captive. It is nature's yearning—love cherishing her idols and refusing to give them up—the heart clinging even in death to its treasures, and refusing to yield its hold!

The question meets us every-where; in the cot and palace; trembling on the lips of youth and age; of womanhood and manhood; coming still from the refined and uncultivated, from the stoical and sensitive; from all grades and casts of men; in all states and conditions of life: "In the next life shall we know and have again the loved of other days? Do the unions of life carry over and outlast the ravages of death?" How many times it has been propounded to me in whispers, by lips white with solicitude, speaking the fears and hopes of hearts breaking with the pain of uncertainty! It may not be to-day; but there come moments in every life, when, were the globe gold, it would be willingly given for a contentful answer. The moment is now with some of my readers; and to such especially I come with greetings and messages of consolation. I propose, as thoroughly as possible, to consider specifically this question, and furnish such answer as it may be given me.

The conceded difficulty of the subject, with its interest to the affections, furnishes the only reason for the discussion. Were the answer perfectly easy and satisfactory to all minds, the papers following would be uncalled for. The subject is of a class which, from its nature, lies

exclusively in the domain of faith, and precludes possible positive knowledge. The utmost objective point of our inquiry is, to ascertain whether there is ground for faith. We do, and will, believe. We seek to find whether our belief is merely the conjecture of the imagination to allay the clamor of interested affections, or a faith resting, or possible to rest, on rational foundations. Have we reason to believe? Many truths, most important of all, elude knowledge, but nevertheless furnish ample ground of belief. Is this one of them? And what are the grounds of faith, in the absence of knowledge? Perhaps, nay, certainly, no man living has it in his power to convince us that of his personal knowledge he can affirm or deny. The utmost we can do is, believe or disbelieve. The reasons must be for or against faith. It is the duty and interest of rational beings to find which. This is the object of our search.

As you expect, we take the affirmative of the question. The dead do rejoin and recognize the friends they knew and loved on earth. If we doubted, we could write no line that would not pain you to read; no line that would not torture us to indite. If we disbelieved, neither tongue nor pen should ever be permitted to lift the napkin from the face of the dead hope. If we knew to the contrary, in mercy to mankind we would hide the awful secret in our own bosom, and long to terminate the anguish of the discovery in the beneficent unconsciousness of the grave itself, lest in some moment of agony it should be wrung from our hearts, and become the dreadful heritage of a sorrowful world. *I believe, therefore I write.*

Before we enter the discussion, there are two or three preliminary matters which ought to have brief attention. Truth is always precise. It has no margins. It is this or that, or more or less; but never both. We need to understand precisely what that is which we believe and defend, and what it is not.

Our thesis does not include the idea, that the special relationships of this life carry over to the next, and are renewed

and perpetuated there as here. This is not only not probable, but is certainly not the case. We refer now to those precious relations constituting the family bond: the relation of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister. The family itself, with all its inclusions, is an earthly institution. It typifies nothing that is permanent except the one great family of which God is the Father, and all we children. Reason alone would infer the abrogation of all such relations, inasmuch as that for which they were instituted terminates with the present earthly state. But our Lord authoritatively settles it in precise terms. The occasion was the memorable case submitted to him by the Sadducees as against the doctrine he taught of a resurrection of the dead—a doctrine which they rejected—the case of the woman who had seven husbands. They raised the question: "Therefore, in the resurrection, whose wife shall she be of the seven? for they all had her." To that question: "Jesus answered and said unto them, Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." The answer is unequivocal, and settles the question by divine authority. The same is doubtless true of the paternal relation; and for the same reason, the end or object of the relation ceases with this life. The memory of the former relationship will remain, as the memory of every other state and event of the earthly life, in fullness and completeness; but all that was included in it and constituted it will cease. Parent and child will meet, not now to hold the relation of parent and child, but with the recollection that in a former state they were so related; the same will be true of husband and wife. The peculiar demands for, and responsibilities of, all earthly relations are put off with the earthly which shrined them. The husband will not want a wife, nor the wife a husband; the parent will not want a child, nor the child a parent. There will be

nothing remaining in any to make possible either the desire or fact of such relations.

The second thing not implied in our thesis is, the continuance of the *peculiar* loves or affections in the next state. I say the *peculiar* loves. This we think is clear, and for the same reasons as above. The relation ceasing, and the end for which it was appointed ceasing, the *peculiar* affection, which was its bond and cement, will also cease. More plainly, I mean to say that conjugal love, or the love subsisting between husband and wife, and making the ground of marriage; and paternal and filial love, or the loves subsisting between parent and child, making the ground of peculiar mutual obligation, and therefore special interest, is an arrangement for time and probation, and will not obtain in eternity. The husband and wife will not love as husband and wife, the parent and child as parent and child; but a common affection, varying it may be—nay, will be—in degree, will unite them as glorified beings. The peculiar affection, in both cases, having been for an end which no longer exists the appointment will also discontinue.

In all this statement I have italicized the word *peculiar*, and for a reason. Conjugal love and filial and parental love, in their highest purity, are God's blessed gift to man in his earthly life; but they are of the earth. There is a love that is celestial and without earthly alloy. The two affections grow often together. When we say that the *peculiar* love does not carry over, we do not mean that there is not a deeper and holier love uniting souls in the life beyond who were so related in this life. Whatever may be the common loves of all holy beings in eternity, and it is our belief that love is the very essence of heaven, we can not doubt that those whom we have loved most here, loved most purely and tenderly, will be likely to be dearest to us there. They will still be our treasures. All that they ever were to us will still be remembered; the hold they had on our being will still be felt in more exalted

forms. The noble passion purified from all alloy will rise into still grander and more ravishing intensity. The imperfect earthly love will be transformed into the perfect heavenly. The relations will be sunk, but the bond will be tightened. They will be greatly more to us than they ever were on earth, and more to us, we may venture to believe, than they could have been, had they not been bone of our bones and heart of our heart. But more on this point in the progress of this discussion.

Let us now proceed to a positive view of the subject; our proposition is: "In the next world we shall know and remember those known in this life."

The proposition, as I mean it to be understood, has these two parts: First, when we pass into the next state, we shall carry with us a vivid recollection of this state, of persons, things, and events, such as we take with us when we go from one country to another; from England to France, or from France to the United States; such as we carry with us through the successive grades of natural life. Second, that we shall meet in the next state persons known to us in this; and shall recognize them, as Jane and Mary, Thomas and Samuel, as we should recognize them in London or Paris!

Upon the first part of the statement there can scarcely be two opinions; I think there are not, among people whose opinions are entitled to consideration. So far as I know, all who believe in future existence at all, agree that memory will carry over, and that it will be perfect; and yet as this point stands in important relations to future arguments it may be well to establish it. Fortunately, the case is not difficult to make out, both on rational and Scriptural grounds. We will name both classes of proof—rational and Scriptural—proofs deduced from the nature of the soul, and proofs from the teaching of the Word of God. And, first, I suggest, to suppose the soul in the future state bereft of memory is to suppose it existing in that state without any distinct consciousness of ever having existed before,

inasmuch as consciousness of a previous life can be no other than consciousness of the memory of what it thought, did, and suffered in that state, or a recollection of the experiences through which it passed. Consciousness is confined to the active states of the soul. It does not reach to the being itself except as active. That is, the only means we have of knowing ourselves as existing is by being conscious of our activity; and the only means we have of knowing that we are beings who did exist in the past is the consciousness we have of remembering the past activities we either suffered or performed, the thoughts, loves, and volitions we experienced and exercised. We retain and restore our former selves wholly by restoring these experiences. Destroy them, and though we be supposed to have existed, we can not know that we have existed. All previous existence must be an utter blank. Second, I suggest, with the loss of the memory of past existence would be the loss of all ideas and knowledge gained, and all character acquired in that state; and the soul thus bereft would enter upon its future career, as it entered upon this, in utter infancy; and indeed, morally and intellectually, it would be a new soul, dating its birth and consciousness from the moment of its dislodgement from the body, just as we date ours with birth. It would be to all intents and purposes beginning an existence *de novo*. There would be nothing carried over from the former existence but a spirit without acquired ideas or character of any kind, or even the knowledge of its previous being, if that were possible. To allow this, it would not be unreasonable to suppose that possibly we may have already lived through pre-existent states, of which we retain no memory; and the doctrine of pre-existence in an endless round of transmigrations might then be true, and we be wholly unconscious of it. The idea is subversive of all established views of psychology, which predicate of memory that it is an essential faculty of the soul, which remains with it as a part of its integrity.

All observation, as recorded by the most careful and astute observers, tends to this view. Amid all changes, the soul chronicles its own history, and is able to identify itself by its remembrance of its history. It is as tenacious of the past as it is conscious of the present. It is thus, and thus only, that we are able to know of our personal identity any two successive moments of time. Deprived of it, the self could know itself as existing now, and not as having existed yesterday. The idea supposes death to be different in its effects from what true philosophy warrants. The usual and doubtless true idea is simply that death is the removal of soul, its dislodgement, not its destruction; its emergence, in the moment of death, into the future world, as a waking out of sleep, or as passage through a dark vale, or over a river, transferring its entire self, as it transfers itself, through the sleeping hours of the night to the waking in the morning, from one city to another, with full consciousness and unrobbed of its treasures, bearing with it the memory of the past into the glory of the future. Even those who imagine that the soul remains unconscious during the interval between death and the resurrection, hold that when it awakes it will be as if it had slept for a moment or a night, and, waking, will find itself rehabilitated with all its former knowledges and experiences.

But if these considerations were not sufficient, arising as they do from the mere operations of reason, there are some others, derived from the Word of God, which perfectly settle the case, some direct, some inferential. This after all is final authority. Neither sense nor reason furnishes much light on the subject of future existence, either as to the fact of it or its mode. Reason supplies hints upon which conjectures arise, but is insufficient to bring contentful knowledge. God's Word is the city of refuge to the anxious inquirer. If we reject it, no solid footing remains. What does it teach? therefore, is the great question. Reason will not fail to approve what it authorizes; for the Author of the Bible is the Author

of reason. Right reason delights to walk in its greater light, and joyfully accepts its teaching. Appealing to this supreme authority, we find the doctrine we have indicated abundantly established. First: It is the pervading doctrine of revelation that the present life is a probation; the future life, a state of rewards; thus showing that they stand intimately related, the one to the other. What we sow here we reap there! This is a most important fact. Can it be supposed that the soul will enjoy or endure a reward or retribution for deeds of which it has no recollection? Is the thing possible? Will it suffer perdition without any recollection of the sins for which it suffers? The idea is utterly inadmissible. Will it enjoy the bliss of heaven, praising Christ forever as its great Savior, without any remembrance of the sins and sufferings from which he redeemed and saved it? The idea is absurd! Thus, whether we contemplate the bliss of the finally saved, or the sorrows of the finally lost, we are equally forced to the conclusion that they will have a vivid and thorough memory of the present state.

It is absolutely impossible that there should be either rewards or punishments, in the proper sense of the words, and the soul be uninformed of the occasion of the suffering or enjoyment. Suffering may be inflicted, and enjoyment bestowed, without the idea of recompense; but the idea of recompense can not exist in the soul without the knowledge of that which occasions it; and so a spirit can not know or think itself as rewarded, without the idea of that for which it is rewarded. To be conscious of a state of reward and retribution, heaven and hell must be known in their relations to this life. They have no moral significance without this.

But if the very idea of reward in future life for deeds done in this implies the memory of such deeds, more strongly still do the Scripture accounts of the judgment, in which the rewards are to be given. Take a class of passages in which it is said account will be rendered to God in that day: "But I say unto you, that

every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment." If there were not another, this passage is sufficient. "Every one shall give account of himself to God." "Who shall give account to him that is ready to judge the quick and dead." Further, it is especially said, "Every man's works shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire." "Therefore, judge nothing before the time until the Lord cometh, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts; and then shall every man have praise of God." Take the passage from Matthew:

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was

thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

Many passages of like kind might be added; these will suffice. They establish, beyond all dispute, that at the judgment a thorough memory of the entire life will remain, so minute as to embrace thoughts, words, feelings, and actions. No one can read these passages and fail to be convinced, if they be true, that in the final judgment of men, whenever and however that may be, the souls judged will have an exact memory and consciousness of all the matters for which they are judged. The statements are wonderfully comprehensive, implying that there will be such a quickening of memory as to restore all thoughts, all deeds, all feelings, all motives, so that not only the external acts will pass in review but the very secrets of the soul.

The passage from Matthew, in that wonderful twenty-fifth chapter, is irresistible. Therein it is declared that the souls of all the dead will stand before God; and in the judgment it will be specifically stated what their acts were toward each other, for which they are then and there condemned or approved; which implies that they will remember both the acts and the persons. There could be no judgment without this. The court must have the case, and so must the party judged, if a sense of justice is to go with them from the judgment-seat. The proof is positive that memory survives death. This is all we now claim.

But the case is too plain to need more extended examinations. Let us now, therefore, proceed to the second part:

The souls of the departed will recognize those known in this state. That is, souls do meet in the next world, and recognize each other as John or Mary, known in a former state. This proposition differs from the former in this particular: it includes identification of persons, as well as personal memory of relations to them, or knowledge of them, in a previous state. It involves, not only that souls will carry with them the recollection that they once knew, in a former state, certain persons by certain names; but more, that this particular spirit now present was that very person called father; this one, the person called son; that one, wife; these, friends, of various degrees of intimacy, known at particular times and places, and bearing certain relations to our acts and affections.

This is the proposition we are now to establish. The range of argument is so wide that we can not undertake to exhaust it. The first point we make is this: The souls of the departed will exist in society, will meet in the next state, by which I mean they will dwell in a place or places where they will be together and have intercourse! This is important. It is not in my plan to raise the question, sometimes mooted, of the materiality of the abode of the departed, saved or lost; or to indicate any opinion as to the locality of the places they shall inhabit. This one point only is now made: they will exist, somewhere and in some method, in society. I am free to acknowledge, that, for myself, I know of nothing in revelation, and that is our only authority, that makes known any thing about the precise place in the universe where the saved or lost will finally dwell; nor do I know any thing in revelation which gives me a clear and definite idea of the manner of their existence. There are hints, but they are not such as to admit dogmatism. They will exist, and it is now my object to show that they will exist together.

I might urge as a final consideration, and one of great weight, the universality and reasonableness of the belief; but as

nothing short of revelation will be deemed final; and as it is final, our appeal will be to it alone. Still, let us for a moment look at the reasonableness of the supposition, aside from express revelation. Man is constituted for fellowship. His nature is constructed upon that idea. It is impossible to doubt this. Why shall his history become a violent contradiction to his nature? Why shall he, after that he is made and endowed for fellowship, become forever isolated and secluded? If his nature tends to the fellowship of those of his own kind, with a longing that is unappeasable, why suppose that he shall become forever an alien to his own kind? If, while in the body, he can not content himself with exile and loneliness, why, out of the body, suppose it will be otherwise? Is it not the first and last and strongest instinct, wish, and desire of his heart, to find companionship? Does he not, for the sake of it, endure all toil and hardship and peril? What is it that asserts its sway in death if it be not the hope and longing to join a celestial brotherhood? What is it that solaces for the grief of parting with the living, but the idea of joining the multitudes believed to be waiting on the other shore? The sobbings of the farewell mingle with the kisses of the welcome. What says the Word? A few passages will suffice.

From the Old Testament, we select all that class which represents the deceased patriarchs as gathered with and to their fathers or people, in which an obvious allusion is made, not to the grave, but to the concourse of departed spirits. This is well known to have always been the understanding of the people whose worthies are referred to. "The Hebrews regarded life as a journey, a pilgrimage, on the face of the earth. The traveler, as they supposed, when he arrived at the end of his journey, which happened when he died, was received into the company of his ancestors who had gone before him. Opinions of this kind are the origin and ground of such phrases as to be gathered unto one's people, to go

to one's fathers. (*Jahn's Archaeology*.) Other particular passages, which will be quoted as bearing directly on the point of recognition, need not be named here. The New Testament is explicit. We can name but a few passages only to establish the principle. Take the words of Christ to his disciples, and through them to all Christians: "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Again: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

Thus the saints are to be gathered to one place, where Christ is. The indirect assertion here is equal to the most direct and positive declaration. It shows that it is the will and purpose of the Redeemer to bring all the redeemed into the place where he himself is, that they may constitute a glorified society. To that end he goes to prepare a place for them, in which they shall all alike behold and share his glory. No just criticism can extort from the words any other meaning. Many other passages are in accord with this interpretation.

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them." "And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people; and God himself will be with them and be their God." "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." "But ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-

born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." "After this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and peoples and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. . . . And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed with white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white

in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple."

But I need not extend. These texts establish all that we claim now: that souls will be gathered together in the same place, constituting an assemblage and society, taking part in the same religious rites, joining their voices and uniting their hearts in the same strains and sentiments of worship. These and kindred Scriptures have inspired the whole Church of Christ, along all the Christian ages, with the idea of heaven as the final home, where all the redeemed family meet, and abide forever. Whatever diversities have existed on other subjects, on this there has been scarcely any disagreement. Living and dying, this hope has cheered all believers. There can be no question as to its Scriptural authority. Here we rest it.

THE LOVES OF THE LOWLY.

THE story of Orpheus, in some form, must have been current among men at least four thousand years. It comes to us from the Greek; but its primary elements are found in very ancient Hindoo literature; and it is the opinion of the learned that, before Greek was Greek, or Hindoo was Hindoo, it had a place in a common and united household. As that family, the Japhetic or Caucasian, became great, and scattered over large portions of the globe, each division carried with it some fragment of this life-picture. The genius of the Greek gave to the story its most human and enchanting form; and with the freshness of its youth, it still holds its place among various nations. Why?

Orpheus's love for the beautiful Eurydice; her early death from the bite of a snake; his wretchedness; the silence of his golden lyre, the music of which had

often lured after him men, brutes, and trees alike; his soothing with his matchless song Cerberus, the watch-dogs at the mouth of Hades; his search in the spirit-land for the object of his love; the permission that he received from Pluto to lead her away on condition that he would not look on her face till they had reached the earth; his forgetfulness, and her loss; his inconsolable grief; the silence of his music, and his death,—embrace an experience which is the common property of all nations; for it belongs to humanity. It matters not what Orpheus may be in mythology, the human heart has adopted the god as its oracle.

Love, as an element of human nature, is not only strong in itself, but it stirs to action, and makes doubly strong, every other noble quality of the human heart. If the soul is capable of courage, of daring, of steadiness of purpose, and of endurance,

these qualities, under the inspiration of a quenchless love, will give to character in the hour of adversity a heroism and a greatness of supreme sublimity. It is because of woman's superior spiritual passion that she possesses a courage and a confidence to fight on when man's failing heart would surrender the field. There are few sublimer spectacles for angels to behold on earth than a young, intelligent wife, calm, intrepid, still happy, tender, and affectionate, amidst the disasters which have overwhelmed her husband in despair and his affairs in ruin; and if any thing could induce a man to renew the struggle, and renew it a thousand times, it would be the rainbow of such a presence

"Arching the clouds in his sky."

But I sat down to write of facts—of facts which in part came under my own observation. In 1845, Lewis Verder was a little less than twenty years of age, and lived in the Cglethorpe district, south of Savannah, Georgia. Emma, a little younger, lived on an upland cotton-plantation, about five miles to the west. Both were under medium size, of the same complexion, each betraying a distinct trace of Caucasian blood. In mental ability, they were somewhat above the average of their race. They became acquainted; they loved—loved like an Orpheus—and were married. Every Saturday night, as early as ten o'clock, Lewis knocked at the door of Emma's cabin. A happiness as pure, as strong, and as constant as can flow from the union of human hearts, was given them to enjoy. Such was the depth and fullness of the flow of love that for once the cup of slavery was so sweetened that the bitter was scarcely tasted. As obedient and faithful slaves, the value of both was increased by their marriage. They determined that no negligence of theirs should interrupt the visits of Saturday night and Sunday.

A Methodist society worshiped in a rude meeting-house standing on the plantation of Emma's master, and both Lewis

and Emma were members. To them was born a child; the day was set for his baptism, and a white minister of the Gospel was engaged to administer the rite. In fixing its dress for that day, the mother had done her best, and it must be confessed that Lewy made a rather gaudy appearance for such an occasion. As Lewis and Emma, with the boy in her arms, left the cabin for the church, Mrs. Liater, Emma's mistress, a childless wife, sat by a raised window, watching their movements. Not a word was spoken. Emma had faintly hoped for the "smile of a benediction." As Mrs. Liater saw them pass up the lane leading to the highway, one carrying the babe a little distance and then the other, each giving it a kiss as it changed arms. She thought at first, How foolish, how childish! Still she could not take her eyes away from the happy pair. Another thought struck her, and it sunk deep into her very sensitive nature. It was an arrow from the full-bent bow of "the green-eyed monster." Deep in her sepulchral soul she felt and said: "They are blessed—they are happy; I am not." Mrs. Liater was mad at the God of Emma. Her nature in a moment curdled into one feeling, and that was wretchedness. Mrs. Liater hated Emma, and all the more because she could find no fault with her.

About two o'clock—a half-hour later than usual—Lewis and Emma, with their consecrated child, returned from Church. Mrs. Liater saw them pass into the cabin, and, shouting to her husband, said, bitterly:

"There; that nasty wench has got back. I want you to set the dogs on that Lew, and drive him back to his rice-swamps, and give Em thirty lashes for her conduct."

"Why, my dear honey, what's wrong?"

"Do n't call me honey, nor any thing else, till that hussy of a nigger is whipped for disobedience and neglect; and the day that brat she's got is old enough to wean, he shall be sold for what he'll bring. She'll be good for nothing while he's around for her to fuss with. She's

been up half the night, for weeks, fixing him for his sprinkling to-day."

This kind of a storm was as unexpected to Mr. Liater as it was to Lewis and Emma. He was one of that sort of men who are the coolest and the most calm when storms are impetuous and wild. In his judgment this thunder and lightning were from a clear sky, and his sympathies were with the sky. Emma was not whipped, nor were the dogs set on Lewis. It may be that Mrs. Liater, who had received the education of a lady, was ashamed of her own boisterousness, for she was seen no more that day. Had she paused to analyze her feelings before they became a tempest—this, women seldom do; but had she, it would have appeared that a senseless jealousy was the cause of her madness and wretchedness. She might, too, have been ashamed to envy a colored female slave her little cup of happiness, simply because it was full to the brim. Mrs. Liater probably went to her chamber, baffled, pale, and sick with rage. Be that as it may, all was calm again; but Lewis and Emma were troubled. A slave's instincts were often the profoundest philosophy. An irruption had taken place, an ominous silence prevailed, and the next visitation might be the all-ingulfing earthquake. That night the baby slept as usual; but the parents watched and thought and counseled. Their fears had only intensified their love for each other and for their boy. A little before day-break, far down the road, Emma and Lewis said to each other, "God bless you," and parted.

As Emma returned, she saw a light in her mistress's room. She would rather it had been dark. After a little, she heard voices—occasionally a loud and angry tone, the thunder-tone of a gathering tempest. At the baptism the minister had said she must care for her child as our Heavenly Father cares for us. These words came to her mind. She reasoned, as instinct reasons: If my Heavenly Father cares for me—and surely he does—as I care for my boy, I have nothing to fear. Emma had the

faith of a child, and lying down by the side of her babe, she was soon asleep.

It was a common thing for slaves to spend much of two or three nights in a week visiting friends, and rambling from one plantation to another. Husbands and wives were not generally owned by the same master. The young men almost invariably met the object of their love away from home. Negro friendships and relationships are very strong, and nationality has a controlling influence. Though among white people, they were not of them. To be in each other's society, they sacrificed much of the rest and sleep the night was intended to give to laboring man. It was in this way that intelligence circulated with great rapidity among the colored people. A sale or a whipping, a wedding or a birth, was known for miles around within a day or so. But the rice-fields were isolated, in a measure, from the upland cotton-plantations. A line somewhat dimly defined often separated the one class of slaves from the other. The cotton high lands were preferred to the rice-swamps by the laborers. There is an aristocracy among negro slaves. A house-servant ranks a field-hand; one who drives the family chaise ranks the one who drives a six-mule team; the driver of a six-mule team is in rank about equal to a mechanic; and the city, in every respect, ranks the country. These aristocratic lines do not cut very deep, and the transit from one side to the other is easily made. Lewis's master was a rich rice-producer, and he was a house-servant. His rank was the same as Emma's, who was a cook.

Three days had not passed away before it was known throughout the Oglethorpe district that trouble had broken out on the Liater estate among the slaves. Mrs. Liater, in some way, was mixed in with the difficulty, and the order had been given for all "rice-swampers" to keep away from that plantation. It was further reported that Emma had been driven from the kitchen, and, being too fragile for field service, was for sale.

Lewis, on hearing these things, besought his master to buy his wife, and put her into the kitchen or chamber. It was with trembling he made this request, as he feared that for some trifling offense she might be banished to the rice-swamps. His master gave him an evasive answer, as if the matter could be attended to at one time as well as another.

The distress of Lewis was frightful to behold. About ten o'clock that night he started for the Liater plantation. On his way he met two friendly acquaintances who were hastening to inform him that his wife and child had been sold early that morning to a gentleman from the upper Altamaha country, who wanted a cook, and that she was taken immediately to her new home. Five hundred dollars had been paid for his wife, and one hundred for his baby. Stunned by this intelligence, Lewis fell to the ground, and for some time his breathing was a gasp. His friends gave him the fullness of their rough but sincere sympathy, and with their help, he was soon on his feet again. He could not be persuaded to return till he had verified, by actual observation and inquiry, that what they had told him was true. While in Emma's vacant cabin, the chamber-maid came in, and gave him the dress his boy had worn at his baptism, with this message from her: "Tell Lewis to keep this, for, as God lives, we shall meet again." Lewis was unable to obtain the slightest clew to the place of Emma's destination, further than it was the upper Altamaha country; nor could any one tell him the name of her new master.

Lewis was one of the most quiet and even-tempered men I ever knew. His life was a model of Christian consistency. But this terrible surge of wrong and agony had thrown him upon the crumbling edge of a crater, and beneath him he could see only the smoke of smoldering fires.

As he returned alone to the rice-plantation, he thought of Emma's message: "'As God lives!' Sure 'as God lives!' And does he live? If he lives, why was

Emma sold? We have both tried to serve him and our master well. 'Lives, lives?' Does he really live? Could it have been worse did he not live?" Lewis felt angry. A world so dark, it seemed to him, could have no God. If there was a God, a glimmer of light somewhere would indicate his presence. Look where he might, the very blackness of darkness was there. A moonless, starless midnight came before he reached the plantation; but its darkness was nothing compared to that other darkness which he felt. That was heavy, and he was crushed beneath its weight. He thought again of Emma's last words to him: "Tell Lewis—we shall meet again!" He was inclined to linger upon these words, not because God was in the message, not because he thought there was truth in it, but because she had uttered the words and sent them as a message to him. As he neared his cabin, the sea-breeze brought to his ears the cry of pelicans in the direction of St. Simon's Island. Great quantities of these gloomy birds were found upon this coast; hence Georgia is called the Pelican State. I have often seen the sandy beach, for a distance of many miles, alive with them. Their dismal, distant, midnight song reminds one of the wail of a child crying itself to sleep. This music touched the heart of Lewis. He listened. As he sat in the door of his cabin, the house-clock struck two. About the premises the stillness of a grave-yard reigned. In the distance and the darkness he heard the soft fall of footsteps. Two great, benevolent-looking blood-hounds came to him and licked his clinched hands. They relaxed, he faintly returned the caress of one, then the other; his sympathies were touched, and he felt the better for it. The clouds broke away in the east, and his familiar stars burned suddenly; he scarcely knew them, but he saw that morning was near at hand. He was sorry, for he wished the darkness to continue. He shrunk from seeing himself and his wretchedness by daylight. The darkness of the grave had attractions

superior to the brightness of day. It was well for Lewis that his agony was sharp and severe, for he had to think of his aching heart. Thoughts of his lost Emma and his lost boy were distracting. As he thought of the darkness and the agony which were upon him, he made a discovery. He suffered from the loss of his wife and his child; but he suffered still more, as he saw, from the loss of God. Emma's words returned to him, "As God lives." He thought, "There is a God; for he was Emma's strength, or she could not have left that message for me, 'We shall meet again.' Yes: as there is a God, if he wills it, we may. She believes it, and why may not I believe?" Faith returned, and Lewis emerged from the billows, as Peter had done before him. Though the tempest was terrible, he could now see in the midst of it the presence of a Superior Power. Lewis found that his heart was breaking; but breaking in tenderness; and as the morning dawned, his eyes, which had been tearless, and which had worn the glare of death, became the channels through which he poured upon the ground great floods of grief.

The message, "Tell Lewis to keep this, for, as God lives, we shall meet again," was now, for the first time, accepted and embalmed in his heart. He passed the days in the silence of a great sorrow. He performed his duties with his usual care; and thus, with but little variation, twelve long years passed away. He seemed to be alive only to his labor, his Church, and Emma's message. Night never found him absent from his cabin. Of society he knew nothing. The watch-dogs' moan and the pelicans' cry were sweeter music to him than the voice of revelry and glee.

Early in 1862, Lewis enlisted as a soldier, and was put into the Thirty-fourth Regiment, United States Colored Troops. He was made a corporal, and, soon after, a sergeant. Apparently, he was making for himself a country, and securing his own liberty; but really, his thoughts were on those he had not seen

or heard from for twelve sad years. "God lives," had become his creed.

Emma's history in the up-country had been without incident. She had been a faithful servant, and had not changed masters. She did not severely blame her old master, as he sold her to save her from abuse. Her boy had remained with her, a care and a comfort.

In 1864, General Sherman's army, in its great march to the sea, swept through the country watered by the northern branches of the Altamaha River. With a great many others, Emma and her son, now a lad of fifteen, fled to the Union camp, and drifted down to the coast. In Savannah she found old acquaintances, and learned that Lewis was still alive, and a soldier in the service. On learning the route Sherman's army had taken, and that a great number of slaves had accompanied him to Savannah, a gleam of hope entered the mind of Lewis that his wife might possibly be of the number. His regiment was on duty a little south of Charleston, and, on the fall of that city, the brigade to which he belonged was ordered to Florida. On its way it stopped at Savannah. Emma, in the mean time, had learned that Lewis was in the Thirty-fourth Regiment; and the peculiarities of her case were known to many of the colored people of the city. This large brigade had not been in camp an hour before both Lewis and Emma were on the alert.

A young, frolicsome girl, who had taken a liking for the lad, young Lewis, came dashing up to Emma on the street, and said:

"Your man hab cum; for I seed him, and hearn him 'quire for you of dese town folks."

"Did you tell him I was here?"

"No; I runned right straight for you, quick as I could, to tell ye."

Young Lew knew what had brought her there so quick, felt a little embarrassed, and said:

"I'll be snaked if I would n't be glad to see pap myself."

In the mean time, the girl is piloting

the wife and son to the place where she left the husband and father. Pointing to a group of men, she says:

"Dat be him, wid de blue coat on, and de straps on he arm."

Emma stopped, and said to the girl:

"Hear me. Say nothing of me to Lewis; but tell him to go to his tent and wait there, for somebody wants to see him. Mind that you do n't even look toward me or Lew. Then come and show me to his tent."

The girl was apt at this kind of business; and, that the injunction not to look toward Lew might be removed, she made all possible haste. She soon returned, with a shout of victory in her face:

"He in de tent, and all de odder nigger men hab gone."

A little further on, she said, pointing with her finger to the spot:

"Dat be de tent, where de smoke is."

Lewis, in the mean time, had fallen behind a little, admiring the soldiers' uniforms and the fixtures about the camp. The girl, feeling that her duty was done, dropped behind too. She rather retarded, than otherwise, the movements of the boy. Emma was not sorry for this, as she entered Lewis's tent alone.

An hour or so after this, it was known throughout the camp that Sergeant Verder's long-lost wife and son were found, and that they were in camp. Every body knew Lewis Verder, and thought he was worthy of just such a fortune as that. After a while his most intimate friends went to his tent to pronounce a "God bless you!" on them both. Then

others came, in squads and platoons. Army officers learned the cause of the excitement; and they came to see the man-slave and the woman-slave who, during fifteen years of separation, had been faithful to each other, and had met again. One, glittering in epaulets, and bearing the scars of battles, said, with tears in his eyes:

"I bless God for this war!"

Hundreds and thousands of the freed slaves had been remarried, as, according to the laws of Georgia, their first marriage was without legal warrant, and by slave-owners and statesmen was regarded as a sham. Some, who were exultant that they had been married lawfully, suggested this idea to Lewis and Emma; but she said, with emphasis:

"No; God married us;" and added, as if she felt the sting of an insult: "Since the day we stood up in the cabin, and, with our hands joined, promised to love each other and no one else, I have been faithful to my promise, and I have not a doubt that Lewis has been true to me; and a marriage which has been tested, and has lasted as ours has, I think, will now carry us through life."

This was the beginning and ending of impertinence.

Lewis found a home for his wife and boy in Savannah, and proceeded with his regiment to Florida. This was in April, 1864. The following May, with his regiment, he was mustered out of service. Drawing from the Beaufort Freedmen's Bank five hundred and three dollars there deposited, he rejoined his family in Savannah.

H. H. MOORE.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S "ARCADIA."

OUR much-agitated world, with its claims on our time, its daily increasing details that demand our attention, is becoming compelled reluctantly to withdraw its gaze from its older books. The line dividing those works which entertain us, from the authors which we read with conscious effort approaching to study, is daily being advanced, seeming to keep a uniform distance from the present. Probably, three centuries hence critics will be collating Mark Twain with Mr. Parton, and indulging in cautious comment on the condition of society as depicted in the "Gilded Age." Whenever we are led into such a conjecture, we can not avoid a shudder at the labors of the antiquarian of that epoch, who will have all our periodicals and newspaper files to pore over in his investigation. We are ashamed to think how scant is our knowledge of times gone by; but the antiquarian society of the future, should no merciful deluge inundate our libraries, will feel embarrassed that he knows so much.

There is scarce any name in our literature more instructive to be considered than that of Philip Sidney. He may now be, not less than three centuries ago, the favorite of men; but he exemplifies the vicissitudes of fame, from the fact that we have by common consent agreed to transfer our homage from his pen to his sword. We are unwilling to admit, to any aspirant, fame in more than one direction; for in truth we have too few niches in our Pantheon to allow a plurality of statues to the same hero. When, however, it happens that fame, both in literature and active life, is achieved by one and the same person, it is usually the writings that call us to the author's deeds. But with Sidney the case is reversed. His books no longer call us to his life; rather, the incidents of his life perpetuate our interest in his books. Nor is the explanation difficult. Sometimes

remarkable events are so associated in a man's life—or it may be ordinary experiences are recounted by some Boswell—that we (perhaps a little lazy in our reading) accept such a life as a better expression of ideas than the best work of his pen. Many circumstances unite to bring about this result with Sidney. His career and accomplishments, the marvel of his age; his ever-benignant fortune; above all, that gallant death in the charge at Zutphen,—dazzle us much more than the antiquated type of his writings. In fact, when we turn over the venerable folio, we can only with difficulty bring ourselves to conceive that two hundred and fifty years ago it was the passion of gayety and beauty to dwell on its pages.

On the other hand, Sidney's life becomes invested with the haze and indistinctness that distance gives to the days of Good Queen Bess. Whether we regard Sidney purely personally, or as a representative of that accomplished group in which were gathered Raleigh, Essex, and Oxford, he may in either case be said to have no successor. We delight to think him the last of knights-errant, and link his virtues with the Round-table. His time is a transition in warfare. Until after him, a battle was the arena of valor rather than a field of tactics. The onset of skilled men-at-arms turned the fortune of the day, and numbers had still to yield to heroes. Our fancy lingers on this period. We summon up to our imagination three-decked monsters of the Armada, and are fascinated by them in the same way that the walls and black turrets of Nuremberg please us rather than the symmetrical defenses of Paris. Whence it happens that Sidney's writings only grow gradually less prominent amid the ocean of literature, at the same time that his life is richer in its associations. We must refer to his books—reflecting as they do the inner life of the age—whether we are curious to trace the

ideas and expressions of the time, or would observe that mine of expression which Sidney worked, and from which Shakespeare, Addison, and Lamb have not scrupled to gather treasure.

Every one is familiar with his Sonnets, from the selections and appreciative criticism of Lamb. Their sweetness and delightful exaggerative passion have given them a place unequalled in our poetry. Their warmth, the sparkling overflow of spirits, that crowding of tender images in the writer's fancy, are more peculiar to the love-songs of the South. The "Defense of Poesie" is more read, and has received higher praise, than his other writings. As a critical argument drawn from comparison of ancient and modern poetry, it is the earliest in our language. With what a graceful dash he lays down his arguments! He felt none of that cautious dread of reviewers that we feel; but overturns his imaginary objector as he would unhorse an adversary in the lists. The impulsive spirit of the age shows itself in his expressions. To sum up the standard of accomplishments, to be learned was not enough, it was to say "he both knew and durst." Hence, in the "Defense of Poesie," the arguments savor of a defiance. The stealthy advance in reasoning, that attempt to ingratiate the reader, to coax him into assent, and finally surprise him in the conclusion, was not then in vogue.

But it is of the "Arcadia" that we would write. Who has not been led into unreal conjectures by the very name? So many associations lurk in its title that we expect too much before we open its time-worn pages. Our disappointment on beginning to read is like our first view of the ocean; our expectations had been too vague. We are not satisfied at finding only a pastoral. Nor would we have been more content had it, like the "Eutopia," attempted to set forth an ideal realm. Those speculations of politicians whose fancy would supplant facts, have nothing in common with the "Arcadia." It was not written in hope of introducing novelties in legislation. It was but the

irregular effusions of a mind of twenty-six, "in summe, a young head not so staid as I wish it were." Despite its defects, which every critic from Milton to Taine has pointed out, it occasions surprise that so much was produced by one so young.

We are in the habit of styling the present the age of precocity. It is, however, probable that the past was more truly so. Marlowe wrote the "Faustus" at twenty-five; Thomson wrote the "Seasons" at twenty-seven; and Beaumont, the dramatist, died at twenty-nine. Nor was this true only among authors. It will be difficult, among Sidney's contemporaries, to select the name of a single warrior who had not achieved distinction at an age when boys are nowadays at school. Henry III of France, Henry of Navarre, Conde, Alexander of Parma, and William the Silent, had all commanded armies when little over twenty. The average duration of life being then shortened by the greater frequency of wars, the ravages of contagions, and the violence of the times, young men sooner fitted themselves for active life, and were earlier intrusted with posts of responsibility.

When Sidney penned the "Arcadia," his want of age had been fully compensated by the advantages of his study and experience. How many years of ordinary observation could be compared with the college companionship of his two friends, Raleigh and Spenser, what visionary speculations, what warm-hearted confidences, what enthusiastic plans for the future, figured in the words of the trio as they sauntered together in academic groves! Did Sidney enjoy best to sacrifice to the graces with Spenser as he unfolded the outlines of his "Fairly Queen?" or did he oftener discourse with Raleigh on battles, and the new-found lands in the West? The college passed, Sidney sets forth on the Continent, with three servants and four horses, going first to Paris. To such a mind as Sidney's, a journey to Paris—the capital city of "that sweet enemy, France"—would at

any time have been fraught with remembrance. How must his sensitive spirit have been impressed as he listened to the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois on that St. Bartholomew eve! In his travels he journeyed to Heidelberg, Vienna, and Venice, and read "Aristotle" at Padua. He afterward passed through the Netherlands, made the acquaintance of William the Silent—the most profound statesman of his time—and observed the incipient uprising of the Low Countries against the power of Philip. After his return came the story-telling and congratulations. We may imagine him surrounded by the beauty of Elizabeth's court, acquiring that singular art of interweaving adulations with his narratives, of digressing into complimentary euphuisms, in which the "Arcadia" surpasses all books. He tells us he wrote more to relieve his crowded thought than from any impulse of communicating ideas. On loose sheets of paper the "Arcadia" was begun. The continual recollection that his sister's eye would follow his pen—to whom the detached sheets were submitted as soon as finished—gave new ardor to his glowing fancy. To captivate and enchain her attention, to merit her sisterly approval, was his whole aim. No thought of cold criticism repressed his redundant sentences. Action in abundance was produced, that the ladies' interest in their brother's work should not flag; shipwreck, disasters, battles, and sentiment were thrown together without stint. Did chance thoughts recall his studies at Padua, where he read the maxims of Aristotle, was not the personal presence of the ladies sufficient to excuse any innovations on the rules laid down by the Stagirite? Then, too, the young "piece of a logician" found it easy to justify himself. When he was incited by sisterly praise, he would soothe any little qualms about florid metaphor by saying that all rules of writing must be subjected to time and place, and surely what style could be more appropriate to his present condition and audience? In this manner came our romance, which delights our attention the

more it is studied. Not that any amount of sympathetic enthusiasm may blind us to its failings, which, resulting from the extraordinary circumstances under which it was written, the peculiar bias of the writer's mind, or the prevalent opinions of the day, are all the more instructive to observe.

The location of the scene in Greece, the giving to the *dramatis personæ* Greek names, arrests our notice at the outset. Such an anachronism as to impose feudal usages and Gothic ideas on the Peloponnesus is, from the first, distasteful. It is the natural plot of a young man, fascinated with the studies of the University, whose whole reading, except a few tales of chivalry, had been among the classics. Dr. Johnson thought English unfit for an epitaph, and pedantically preferred Latin. Sidney's excited imagination refused even to use our commonplace English names; he would introduce his heroes under Greek titles. Our art of fiction not yet having been commenced, it seemed that the every-day world was to have no place in our imaginations. We were to exclude every thing modern from our books; at least, if we suffered it to enter, let it be under a Greek dress. But Sidney made no attempt at that which has recently become contagious; he did not imitate the style of Greece. Having Greek names and *loci*, he was therewith content. The freedom with which he deals in these names astonishes us. We meet Queen Helen of Corinth, driving out with her footmen exactly as if in St. James Park; the pendent boughs are hung with shields of daring knights; solitudes are peopled with impossibly lovely maidens waiting to be extricated by venturesome valor; swords are brandished with that facility for inflicting wounds that is common to all the tales of the day. But the supernatural is not introduced. We come many times to the threshold, but the giants, the azure-eyed dragons, and that legion of fanciful persecutors of beauty, never encroach on the story. Excepting a vague allusion to the Oracle at Delphi, there is no repre-

sensation of the real Greece. Whence it seems that the students of that day, though perhaps excellently versed in classic lore, were wanting in that accurate comprehension of Hellenic customs, which modern research has developed. Could any writer, in our time, describe his hero's journey to the Olympic games, and say nothing of what he saw there? Would he not introduce the spectacle of Herodotus reading history, Milo wrestling, or, at least, take his reader into the temple where, majestic in ivory and gold, was the masterpiece of Pheidias?

The characters of the "Arcadia" are not artistically combined; neither is attempt made to unite paradoxical virtues and vices. We never meet an action whose motive is concealed, or is intended to arrest the reader and lead him to speculate on its qualities. He represents to us, in Musydorus and Pyrocles, that courage, sense of honor, extreme sensibility, ardent friendship, that lead us to think that in delineating them he merely multiplies himself. They fight, sigh, adore, and sing interminable pastorals, after the manner of the gentlemen of his time. His heroines are womanly goddesses, who sit in the chief place at tournaments, both of arms and of song, and bestow bright glances on the conquerors. To woman Sidney allowed a more exalted rank than any of his predecessors in literature.

Next to Sidney's adoration of women, and facility for turning every occasion into a compliment, comes his propensity to make verses. While he forces his thought into prose, the spontaneous flow of the words almost transmutes the lines into poetry. But when he bursts the barriers of prose and allows his singing vein full vent, the effect becomes wearisome. His most ardent admirer can scarce struggle through those long-drawn effusions in verse, that go on in that leisurely way that seems to promise endless duration. In truth, his prose almost makes fine poetry, while his poetry approaches to the most wearying prose. To understand this relation between prose

and verse, we must look to the national taste. A closer connection subsisted between poetry and prose than ever since. It may be asked, Why did he find any occasion to write a defense of poetry? But the very familiarity with which poetry dwelt among them, bred, if not contempt, at least a diminution of that respect which it ordinarily receives. The muses did not remove themselves from commonplaces, and attend the thought only after elaborate invocation. They accompanied the child to school, attended him through his studies, kept him company in society, held important influence in politics, invaded the study of the divine, as well as the temple and the courts. Verses instructed not only in the nursery, but even in the elementary principles of the sciences. Sidney himself informs us, that, "for the most part, from grammar to logic, mathematics, physic, and the rest, the rules chiefly necessary to be borne away are compiled in verses." Again, he declares poesis was "the first light-giver to ignorance, and first nurse whose milk, little and little, enabled them to feed afterward on rougher knowledge." The habit of versifying was stimulated by bands of strolling players, who became as frequent in London as are now the Punch and Judy shows. In such a company, Ben Jonson did not scruple to take part, his portly figure incased in leathern jerkin. Hence, it came about that even magistrates delivered their official speeches in rhymes. The clergy made the duties of life more readily remembered by putting them into verse. The dreary opacities of our common law began to form themselves into couplets, and it has been suggested that, at one time, the pleas were chanted to the court! We can easily judge how impulsive persons might be overwhelmed by this wide-spread impulse to verse-making. Sidney dryly alludes to the possibility of being "rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland," where, through his father's residence as deputy, he had learned something of their susceptible temperament. Poetry

having thus become so intimately joined with every-day affairs, its rules were suspended. As all the ordinary and homely details of life became versified, so the drama rejected no scene, true to nature, from its representation. Hence, the absolute universality and even coarseness of Shakespeare's plays. Many expressions of the "Arcadia" should be interpreted in the light of this usage of verse-making. It is only when we come to regard his heavy-laden sentences, his amplified language, and his frequent plays on words, as the involuntary result of popular habit, that they are a pleasure to the reader. To consider them as contrived in imitation of the Italian poets, makes them repulsive, as a mannerism, or conscious striving after effect. If we view them to be marks of popular speech, we put the peculiarities on the same plane with the assonances of Dante and Shakespeare. Having made allowances for the effect of external causes, much remains chargeable to the peculiar bent of the author's genius. Plato's comparison of the mind to a darkened cave, in which all external objects appeared as shadows falling within, applies to Sidney with singular force. He had a wonderful faculty for tracing correspondences between objects that to others had nothing in common. No single shadow might fall into the chamber of his mind that his fertile fancy did not seize, and bring forth expressed with a richness of diction bordering on profusion.

We take the following as a specimen:

"Then went they together abroad, the good Kallender entertaining them with pleasant discoursing; how well he loved the sport of hunting when he was a young man; how much, in comparison thereof, he disdained all chamber delights, that the sun, how great a journey soever he had to make, could never prevent him with earliness, nor the moon, with her sober countenance, dissuade him from watching till midnight for the deers feeding. O, said he, you will never live to my age without you keep yourselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with

joyfulness; too much thinking doth consume the spirits, and oft it falls out that while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking. Then spared he not to remember how much 'Arcadia' was changed since his youth, activitie and good fellowship being nothing in the price it was then held in; but, according to the nature of the old-growing world, still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallants as he had known; and so, with pleasant companie, beguiled the time's haste and shortened the way's length till they came to the side of the wood, where the hounds were in couples, staying their coming, but, with a whining accent, craving liberty; many of them in color and marks so resembling, that it showed they were of one kinde. The huntsmen, handsomely attired in their green liveries, as though they were the children of Summer, with staves in their hands, began to beat the guiltless earth when the hounds were at fault, and with horns about their necks to sound an alarum upon a silly fugitive. The hounds were strait uncoupled, and erelong the stag thought it best to trust to the nimbleness of his feet, then to the slender fortification of his lodging, and even his feet betrayed him; for howsoever they went they uttered themselves to the scent of their enemies, whom, taking it of another, and sometimes believing the wind's advertisement, sometimes the view of their faithful counsellors (the huntsmen) with open mouths, then denounced war when the war was already begun, their cry being composed of so well sorted mouths that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion; but the skilled woodman did finde a music."

Can any finer scene be found in Addison? That concluding fancy of the hounds baying in harmony was so pleasing to Shakespeare that he has adopted it in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," where Theseus's hounds are described as

"Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouths like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never hallooed to, nor cheered with horn."

Addison, too, has followed the figure, telling us that the cry of Sir Roger's hounds forms a complete concert. But beyond mere felicities of expression, many curious ideas are found in these pages, that, like out-croppings of upheaved strata, indicate the drift of opinion in the buried past. How many allusions to the celebrities of the age are found in what remains of Sidney's correspondence! Schiller has remarked that the intercourse between the great men was a peculiar feature of that age. No great, absorbing national literature having arisen, Latin formed the medium of thought, and served to unite the scholars of Europe. Curious in these letters are the frequent references to the Turks. Hardly a letter passed to Languet in which Sidney did not allude to this dreaded nation. Sometimes it was rumored that the Sultan would soon assail Italy; again, that he had entered into a league with Philip against the Protestants. In the "Defense of Poesie," he says that, "In Turkie, besides their law-giving divines, they have no other writers but poets." The Ottoman power had at this time reached its supreme point, and was the bugbear of Christendom. Long after its decline, their name affrighted the world, and finally survived to us in epithets. It even found its way into the New World, as we read in the history of the New Netherlands of a libel, under the government of Peter Stuyvesant, where a citizen was addressed as "a Turke, a rascal, and a horned beast."

A singular trait, which has occasioned not a little comment, is the state of affectionate endearment existing between Pyrocles and Musydorus. They apply to one another terms of such doting confidence as seems only suited to lovers' addresses. This passionate attachment then existing between young men to each other, has led modern critics into much conjecture. Coleridge asserts in his "Table Talk" that the defective education of women led men to form friendship for sympathy with those of their own sex. It is, however, by no means

certain that the education of woman was then relatively neglected. The attainments of Lady Jane Grey have been the surprise of modern students; and Queen Elizabeth, we are informed, read daily in the Greek Testament, and occasionally discussed Plato's dialogues with her maids of honor. Considering the requisite attention demanded for those three thousand dresses and eighty wigs, which made up the queenly outfit, we should be inclined to suppose opportunities for such interchange of Greek criticism extremely infrequent. But young men's affections have sometimes little to do with women's education. We read in the annals of the time of much blood having been shed in disputing the relative merits of ladies. We read defiance of which the gist was "my mistress is fairer than thine." But we think no research has hitherto discovered a contest on the issue of learned accomplishments of ladies. It is possible that the assertion was made, "my mistress can read, and thine can't," but it does not seem to have aroused much angry strife. It may be said that in those times the affections, and not the suspicions, were developed. An era of violence made the relation of friend and foe more pronounced. In the days of chivalry, common danger produced greater sincerity; and vows of friendship on setting out on perilous enterprises became frequent:

"By my faith,
Everich in others' hond his trouthe laithe
For to be sworne brethren til they dey."

CHAUCER *Friere's Tale.*

Neither can it be overlooked that such friendship as once was, is growing mythic to the world. The increased conveniences of life are teaching us to get along without the highest type of friendship. Winckelmann, who saw the past clearest of any of the moderns, often lamented the lack of true Platonic intimacy—the Damon and Pythias conception of friendship—a lack so characteristic of modern life. Winckelmann's prejudice for the classics, and his interpretation of Scripture in the lives of its followers, led him

so far as to attribute this want to the Christian religion. Our friendships are, with us, only one source of pleasure among many. It was otherwise with Cicero, who tells us that, among all the advantages that fortune or nature had bestowed on him, none could compare with Scipio's friendship.* Something of the same spirit of affection is manifested in those terms of tenderness with which Dante addresses Virgil.

Partly from the warmth of his own nature, and partly from his classical studies, Sidney caught the same spirit. "The chief object of my life," he writes Languet, "next to the everlasting blessedness of heaven, will always be the enjoyment of true friendship." To our mind, this picture of disinterested love existing between young men is the finest thing in the "Arcadia." Many of Sidney's thoughts have been copied, and, in such hands as Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Waller, and Cowley, have been improved; but we think no writer has expressed this confiding sympathy between men, this bond of *Brüderschaft*, so well as in the "Arcadia." It is of itself enough to justify Sir William Temple in saying that he found the true spirit of the vein of ancient poetry in Sidney.

Languet frankly tells Sidney, "Besides, you are not over-cheerful in nature;" and elsewhere refers to his sober, almost melancholic, temperament. The range of his accomplishments, wide as it undoubtedly was, failed to include a true sense of humor. The few attempts in the "Arcadia" at a burlesque are utter failures. This sense of the ridiculous we conceive to have been the leading deficiency of his style. A sense of humor, a proper perception of the ludicrous, is so nearly allied to that shaping imagination which tends to regard beauty of form, that, unless a writer possesses it, his works will seldom be characterized by due coherence of parts. Sidney seems

to have felt rather contemptuous toward humor, and condemns mirth, declaring that "laughter hath only a scornful tickling." But it has much more. Had Sidney possessed this art, the prolonged narratives of the "Arcadia" would have been condensed, collateral representation subjected to the main plot, and that irksome feeling avoided that even the surpassing beauty of the language can not entirely dispel. How the "Arcadia" would then be amended, we can readily imagine from a single illustration. The sketch entitled "Cupid's Revenge," in "Essays of Elia," is wholly borrowed from the "Arcadia." By a comparison with the original, we may trace the abridgments and delicate touches, the art which makes the "usury genius pays for borrowing." Lamb surely thought higher of laughter than to call it scornful tickling; and under his hand we see the "Arcadia" assume a new beauty of outline.

We may believe that many of Sidney's faults had their causes in his youth, which time would have corrected. Increasing experience would have toned down imaginative excess of rhetoric, repressed his prolixity of expression, and invigorated the force of his thought, at the same time that it clarified his style. What he might then have achieved, it is vain to conjecture. Perhaps he would have supplied the great need of our literature, by giving us a prose picture of social life in the Elizabethan time. That, had he lived, he would have been led to attempt it, seems clear. In the midst of an age when new-fangled usages of the Continent turned the heads of traveled youth, he preserved himself firm in the instincts of his nationality. He was one of the few classical scholars of the time who had abiding faith in the capabilities of the English language. Besides, he felt the absurdity of trying to import Italian novelties into England. "Marry," he writes to his younger brother, "my heresy is that the English behavior is best in England, and the Italian's in Italy." This, taken with his

*"Equidem ex omnibus rebus quas mihi aut fortuna aut natura tribuit nihil habeo quas cum amicitia Scipionis comparare."—*De Amicitia*.

motto, "Look in thy heart and write," brings us to think him capable of painting such a picture of old English manners as could never have been surpassed. It was, however, to be otherwise. In the foggy morning before Zutphen, having exemplified even his ideal of valor, against the arms of Spain, Sidney received his death-wound. A few choice scenes of the past glow in the inner

chamber of memory, as do the master-pieces of art in the Tribuna of the Uffizi Palace at Florence. Hither the world have placed the dying Sidney. The fainting, pallid hero, prostrate in his gilded armor—that dying, unnamed soldier beside him, the proffered cup of water, and the words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

HARRINGTON PUTNAM.

ONE OF THE LEAST.

ONE could see at a glance that he was n't very smart. When he first appeared at my uncle's door, and asked for work, his whole "make-up" indicated that. A great awkward, shuffling fellow he was; and from the crown of his almost crownless hat—his jean pants held up by one suspender—down to the tattered boots, his was an atmosphere of shiftlessness.

Not that he meant to be shiftless. He was willing to work, willing to do any thing honest; but somehow or other he could not plan or carry out the least thing by himself; with no directing mind at his side he was a failure. He was no beauty, either, as he stood at the kitchen-door that cold Autumn morning. The immense stretch of limbs, and little round bullet head at the top, reminded one of an animated clothes-pin; and the light hair and eyebrows, the pale, watery eyes, and his general air of uncertainty, only bore out the resemblance.

"I 'm Job Dart," he announced, in a thin, quavering voice; "an' I 'm huntin' work. Do n't keer what it is, so it 's honest, an' I kin git enough to keep soul and body together—though it 's neck an' neck to do 't. Must be gettin' some clothes, too," he added ruefully, looking down at his thin garments, through which the wind that fluttered his tatters was sending a shiver.

We were sitting at the breakfast-table

as he spoke, and my Uncle George went to the door.

"No," he said, kindly; "I am not wishing any body at present. I have plenty of help now."

"S'pose so; more 'n likely; that 's what they all tell me. Every-where, all over the kentry, I 've been trampin'; an' every body says, Do n't want ye. Do n't know what I 'm goin' to do. Can 't go to the poor-house, 'cause I 've tried 'em. They say I do n't belong in their county, an' to go on to the next one—an' so it goes. Seems as if I did n't b'long any-where, and were n't wanted nowhere—an' I 'm e'enamost discouraged. S'pose, likely, when I die, an' go to that nice home the good book tells so much about, they 'll be tellin' me I ain't wanted there, neither," and something very like tears fell down poor Job's face, and his voice became more shaky than ever as he turned drearily away.

A grave, compassionate look came over my uncle's face, but he made no answer to the despairing words.

"He spoke of the good book," said Aunt Susan, softly; "and you know, George, it says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

"So it does! so it does!" responded my uncle, with sudden energy. "May be—perhaps—he may be one of *these*, though he do n't look much like it. Here,

young man," he called aloud, "come right in here. We'll see what we can do for you."

It needed no second invitation, and Job Dart was soon comfortably ensconced by the kitchen fire.

"Seems powerful warmin' in here," he said, stretching out his great hands to the bright blaze. "I kinder needed warmin', too; kinder needed 'most every thing—coffee an' sich," he added, with a longing look toward the breakfast-table.

Aunt Susan took the hint immediately. She spread the table anew for her guest, and the way the "coffee and sich" disappeared was indeed surprising. With a good appetite, and means to satisfy it, Job Dart's confidence and inward peace of mind and stomach returned, and his face beamed all over with smiles. The world was n't such a bad world, after all; nor was he the most unfortunate mortal in it. He was ready to talk business now; and the result of the business talk was that Uncle George hired him for the time being—at least until he could find other employment.

And that was the way Job Dart became a member of my uncle's household. We found him a faithful, willing fellow enough; but possessing a remarkable tact for doing things wrong, and blundering into trouble himself, and frequently taking others with him—all with the best of motives. Why, he had n't been in the house one hour before he caused trouble! Aunt Susan had concluded to clean out the cellar that morning, and Job was given her to assist in rolling about barrels and boxes, and carrying out the rubbish. He rendered valuable help, too, with his great strength, and the work progressed finely until, from behind the apple-bins, Aunt Susan fished up an old hoop-skirt.

"There!" she said, "you had better take that and burn it, or put it somewhere out of the way of tripping people."

Job had just filled his basket with other bits of departed usefulness, and he placed the hoop-skirt on top. But at the head of the stairs he paused, and set down

the basket. Then he picked up the hoop-skirt, and examined it carefully.

"'Pears like I might make somethin' o' this," he said to himself. "These folks are powerful good here, an' I'd like to do somethin' for 'em. I'd take these wires an' make a bird-cage for the children, if I only had the tools and knew how. Guess I'll save it, any way."

With this laudable desire to reward kindness, he placed the dilapidated article on the top step until he should return, then went on his cheerful way to empty his basket. As Job disappeared through the back door, my uncle came in at the front, and started cellarward to get an apple. Doubtless, my uncle had heard of there being a "skeleton in every house," but he was not thinking of skeletons just then, nor did he expect to find one in the cellar-way. The old hoop-skirt found him though, as he placed his foot in its wiry folds, and immediately he began a very unexpected and premature advance toward the cellar bottom. Now, Aunt Susan was coming up at the time, in fact, was nearly at the top of the stairs, when her husband's feet struck her, and she seated herself calmly in his lap, and the good old couple went sliding down the stairs together. But they did not reach bottom. O no! When half-way down, Uncle George executed a brilliant flank movement, passing over at one side and descending feet foremost into the family pork-barrel. Aunt Susan did the same thing on the other side, and succeeded in thoroughly routing a pile of peach-blow potatoes. And then

"A solemn silence fell."

From his extemporary pulpit, my uncle was the first to lift up his voice; and he began a very emphatic and personal discourse directed to Aunt Susan. His subject was hoop-skirts. But the remark did not seem to suit Aunt Susan. She asserted as a remarkable fact, that she had never known the barrel to contain more pork than it did at that particular time, and expressed her surprise at the celerity with which the pork-packing

business could be conducted. What reply my uncle would have made, I do not know, as just then Job came shuffling down stairs, with his basket drawn over his head and resting on his ears.

"Halloa!" he exclaimed, dropping his basket, and sitting down on the steps. "Seems like a powerful trouble down here, do n't there?"

"Yes, you scoundrel," answered my uncle, vehemently, as in trying to escape his prison, he and the barrel rolled over on the cellar-floor. "Did you place that hoop-skirt on the stairs?"

"S'pose so; more 'n likely I did. An' you jest went slidin' down on 't into the bar'l. Know ye did, 'cause it's jest my luck!" responded Job, in a hopeless sort of way.

With his pickled garments clinging to him, shivering from cold, and dripping with brine, my uncle felt angry enough to discharge Job on the spot. Aunt Susan interfered, however, and advised a change of the wet clothing; and by the time that was accomplished, better feeling was restored, and Job was given another trial.

Yes, poor Job was given another trial; and many trials, too, he gave himself and us after that. He severely tested one's patience at times by his blunderings; but he was withal so willing, so honest, so patient under reproof, that it was hard to remain displeased with him; and his promise to be "more keerful," always brought forgiveness. He became very much attached to the family, especially to the children. They admired him greatly, and wherever Job was, there they might be found, the little sunbonnet and straw hat bobbing here and there, and two sober little faces watching his every movement. It was no uncommon thing, after the day's work was done, to see them riding "pick-a-back" on his great broad shoulders about the yard; and many were the toys he made for their amusement. Rough toys, to be sure, for Job had n't a bit of ingenuity about him; but Jennie and Rob found no fault. Whatever Job did was perfect-

tion in their eyes. The horses, though, were his particular pride. He had sole care of them, and never did horses look more sleek and glossy than those of Uncle George.

And thus passed the days, through that Autumn, through the Winter, until the Spring came with its promise of brighter, warmer times. One Saturday evening, in May, my uncle returned from the city. He had been off selling some cattle; and as the family sat around the tea-table, he took from his pocket a roll of bills, and gave them to Aunt Susan.

"Here, wife," he said, "is fifty dollars. When I received it the bank was closed, so I could n't deposit it. I wish you would put it somewhere until Monday morning."

Now, usually my aunt was a woman of quiet and peace of mind, excepting when she had possession of money. Then she became exceedingly nervous and apprehensive. Money in the house suggested burglars, and forthwith all sense of security was gone, until the money was spent, or lodged safely in bank. She took the fifty dollars from my uncle, however, and put it down in her capacious pocket. Then when night came on, and Uncle George went over to the village for a little while, she became uneasy lest her pocket might be picked. To be sure, pickpockets did not abound in our secluded neighborhood, nor were they usually found in the sitting-rooms of respectable farmers. I mildly mentioned this fact to Aunt Susan, whereupon she responded, rather sharply:

"You do n't know about such things, Mary. How do we know what these pickpockets and horse-thieves and incendiaries may do? They're up to all kinds of tricks; and like as not they saw your uncle get the money, and just followed him home."

Poor Aunt Susan! Of course, I was silenced. She drew down the curtains, locked the doors, and then, taking off her shoe, she placed the money carefully inside her stocking. Even this did not satisfy her; for, later in the evening,

I saw her deposit it in the bureau-drawer. And then, after she had retired to bed, a new dread arose. Burglars would be sure to search the bureau; of course they would! She did not wish to disturb her husband, for he would only laugh at her fears; so, after waiting until that worthy man was snoring profoundly, she got out of bed once more; and once more the dread treasure was on the move.

But where to put it? The clock would be a good place—so would the cupboard; but some one might look in there. At last her eye rested on the stove, the old Franklin, shining with all the polish of a disused ornament. That was the very spot. It was not used for fires now; burglars would never think of looking there; and she placed the small roll inside. Then she went back peacefully to bed.

The next day was Sunday; and, as was usual, all went to church—all excepting Job, who was left to look after things. Before she went, my aunt thought of the money; and her first idea was to tell Job of the hiding-place. But her fears got the uppermost. How did she know what he would do if tempted. No; she would keep her secret. So she only said: "O Job, I wish you'd take particular care of things while we are gone. That is, keep an eye on—on things; that is, on—the stove."

More than that she dared not say; and Job's eyes looked his wonderment at the request. He had no time to ask an explanation, however; for Uncle George called sharply from the door, and my aunt hurried away.

It was five miles to the church; and Job did not expect the family home until near evening, as they usually carried a lunch, and remained for the two services. When they left home the day was warm and pleasant enough; but along in the afternoon the wind changed, and there came up a cold, drizzling rain. Job noticed that it had grown quite chilly, as he came in from the barn.

"Seems to be gettin' sort of cold," he said to himself, as he stood in the large

sitting-room. "Should n't wonder if the folks come home kind of wet an' cold too, and—" His face brightened with a sudden thought. "Sakes, now! Cur'ous I did n't think on 't afore. That's what Mis' Woodruff meant when she spoke about the stove; she wanted a fire built for 'em. I'll do it too,"

The task was not a long one: and, when the church-goers arrived, a bright fire was snapping and crackling in the stove, and Job's honest face was beaming from over the family Bible.

"Halloa! a fire!" exclaimed my uncle, coming into the room. "That was a good idea, Job; I am glad you made one."

"What's that? A fire!" replied my aunt, rushing in from the hall. "O my! O my!" And the poor woman staggered to a chair, and sank down in a passionate fit of weeping.

"Why, Susan, what is the matter?" asked my uncle, in astonishment. "Run and get the camphor, Mary: your aunt has got the—the— Run and get the camphor, quick."

"No, it is n't that," sobbed my aunt; "it's the money."

"What money?"

"Why, that fifty dollars. I was so afraid of burglars; and I hid it in the stove; and now it is—"

That was sufficient. We all understood it at once; and my uncle sank down on the lounge, almost as much overcome as his wife.

"And now, here is some more of your blundering, Job," he said, as soon as he could find voice to speak. "Fifty dollars gone—just burned up by your meddling! Why, in Sam Hill, you can't let things alone, I do n't see. It seems to me you bring ill luck wherever you go."

In his wrath and chagrin at losing the money, my uncle forgot all justice; and his words were not chosen.

Poor Job! And this was the result of his efforts to please. Never shall I forget the look that came over his face then: a pained, sad look; a look of such desolate homelessness that I pitied him, from my

very heart. All hope, all ambition, seemed to have entirely left him. In a helpless sort of way he closed the old Bible, laid it on the shelf, and, without a word, walked, or rather staggered, from the room. We heard a low moan as he got outside, heard his uncertain step on the stair, heard him enter his little chamber; and that was all.

"There, George; I hope you are satisfied," said my aunt, forgetting the money in her pity for Job. "That was n't his fault; it was mine. There was no reason nor justice in the way you talked."

I think my uncle must have thought so too; for when Job came down he spoke to him with unusual kindness, yet was too proud to acknowledge himself in the wrong. And it seemed as if Job could n't get over it. All through that evening, I remember, he went about his tasks, milking the cows and feeding the horses, in a way that made my heart ache. Hitherto he had taken so much interest in the family and all that belonged to them, doing little things for them, and seeming so thankful for any kindness shown himself; but now he was utterly dejected.

We did not learn it until afterward; but Job had made up his mind to leave us that night. It was a hard struggle for him to arrive at this conclusion—a struggle, as he thought, between duty and inclination. But duty triumphed.

"I can't stay here any longer," he murmured sadly, as he was out in the barn alone with the horses. "They've been real good to me here, too—God bless 'em!—an' that's jest the reason I ought n't to stay. I'm allers a blunderin' an' doin' things wrong; and I jest know they'd rather I wasn't here. I'd oughter have gone long ago. I haint no home but this one nowheres, and I don't know where to go to"—here the tears began to trickle down the poor fellow's cheeks—"but that do n't make the least mite o' difference. It's my dooty to go." And then the tears fell faster than ever.

Yes; Job had resolved to go—where, he knew not. I recall now, as he took up his lamp to go up-stairs at bed-time,

his sad face, and how earnestly he looked at us all; how he paused at the door, hesitated, and then turned back to kiss little Jennie, who was lying asleep on the lounge.

But once in his own room, and he began making his preparations. They were but few—the gathering up of such little articles of clothing as he possessed, the small Bible given him by Aunt Susan; and he was ready. He waited until the family retired, and he thought them asleep; then, with a trembling, faltering step, he moved softly down the stairs, out of the kitchen-door, and out into the world—homeless. The full import of that word came over poor Job like a pall, as he stopped at the gate and looked back at the house. How dear it seemed, as it stood there in the moonlight! True, it was a home to which he had no real title; but it was the only home he had ever known. His pale eyes filled with tears.

"Good-bye, an' God bless ye! ye who have been so good to me, God bless ye!" he fairly sobbed. "I'd like to stay, powerful; but I ain't wanted, and I must go; yes, I must go."

Then his eye rested on the barn. There were the horses he had cared for so often; he could n't go away without seeing them once more. He walked slowly in that direction, opened the door, and entered. The faithful animals seemed to recognize him, and turned their heads and whinnied at his approach. He stood for some little time by their side, patting and rubbing, and calling them affectionate names. But he felt he must leave them.

"Good-bye, Box! good-bye, Brownie!" he said. "Goes agin the grain to leave ye; but I must go. Reckon ye'll be taken keer on, though; an' ye've got a home, any how—more'n I have," he added, looking out drearily into the moonlight.

Just then, he heard voices outside, and presently steps, as of some one approaching the barn. Who could they be, and what their object? Was it any of the

family? Job tried to think if any were out; but he was sure all were inside the house. Nearer and nearer came the steps; and he forgot his own troubles in his desire to discover who the intruders were, and what they were after. Across the passage was the corn-room. The door was open, and he moved cautiously into the shadow of its dark interior.

From where he stood, he had a plain view of the outer door; and presently two men appeared. They were strangers—Job saw that—and when they reached the door they paused, seemingly surprised at finding it open. They whispered together a moment; then they stepped inside, and one drew the slide of a dark-lantern, throwing a bright stream of light over the horses.

"There's no one 'ere, Bill," exclaimed the man with the lantern. "Guess old Woodruff must ha' know'd we was comin', an' jest left the door open out o' complement. Werry kind o' the old chap, too. Now, you jest lead out the hanimals, an' I'll get some straw and touch off the old trap. My heyes! but won't there be a fuss 'ere, d'rectly.

Job understood it at once. They were horse-thieves, and they intended to steal the horses and fire the barn. No thought of leaving had he now; his only wish was to frustrate the villainous scheme, and save the property of his friends. But how? Many plans flitted through his brain, plans to frighten them; but none seemed feasible. Only one way was left, and he resolved to try it. He would attack them. One of the men presently came so close as almost to touch him, and Job sprang upon him with the fierceness of a tiger. Then followed a terrible and unequal conflict. Job knew it would be unequal, with two against one; yet he fought with desperate valor, shouting for help as he had opportunity. But no help came. Finally, one of the men dealt him a severe blow with a loaded cane, and it staggered him. He felt his sight failing. His power of resistance was gone, and again he cried for help. Again was the cruel weapon raised above

him, and then it descended with fearful force on his temple. And poor Job sank, bleeding and senseless, to the floor.

Now, on that night could not Aunt Susan sleep. The events of the day had a very disturbing effect on her mind—especially the loss of the money; and she lay meditating the economy of using greenbacks for fuel. More particularly did she think of the ashes. She had heard that among the mysteries of the Treasury Department at Washington were a corps of young ladies, experts, who possessed wonderful skill in discovering people's money for them, when said money was burned, and they could not discover it themselves. That is, these young ladies examined the charred remains, and, by some singular process, told the numbers, dates, and amount, and then Uncle Sam kindly furnished new bills in place of those destroyed. Knowing this, my aunt was seriously pondering whether she should n't save the ashes of the stove, and send them on forthwith for redemption. And then, while thus engaged in thoughts so pleasant to a contemplative mind, suddenly there came to her ear a loud cry for help. She listened. Her window was open, and again she heard the cry.

"George! George!" she exclaimed, poking that gentleman until his dream of innocence was changed into a fight with his grandfather, "wake up! there's some one in trouble outside!"

"O no, I guess not," answered my uncle, sleepily; yet he awakened sufficiently to listen. Again the cry for help came floating in through the window.

"That's Job's voice, and he's in trouble," said my aunt.

But Uncle George made no reply; he was out of bed in an instant, and a moment afterward was rushing toward the door. My aunt followed. The cries had awakened the whole household, as well. We were all up, and all met in the yard about the same time. As my uncle reached the barn-door, the two thieves ran out. One of them escaped through the orchard, and the other, in his haste,

ran against Aunt Susan, knocking her into the horse-trough. My aunt did n't wish to take a bath at that time of night; but she did. And the ungallant thief never stopped to apologize either; he sprang over the garden-fence, and was out of sight in a moment.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed my aunt, getting out of the horse-trough. "Did you ever?"

No one ever did, probably; at any rate, no one answered her. We all hastened to the barn, where we found Uncle George bending over the unconscious form of Job.

How Job came there? why that little bundle of clothing by his side? why his bed had been undisturbed that night? these were questions we could not answer then; but in the brain-fever that followed as a result of his injury, the full story came out, little by little, in the ravings of his wild delirium. He went over it all—his leaving the house, his feeling of homelessness, and his effort to save his friend's property by the sacrifice of self. O, what a story of pathos it was!

"I must go now," he would say, trying to rise; "yes, I must go. They do n't want me any more, an' I do n't know

where to go to. I hain't no home now—no home—nowheres. But I'd die for 'em!" he would add, his thoughts turning to his fight with the thieves. "Yes: I'd die for 'em! they was so good to me. An' the robbers sha'n't take their horses. I'll save 'em, an' then I'll go. But I hain't no home, now!"

The piteous way he spoke was enough to melt one's heart; and during the long days of that sickness, when the thin hands became thinner, and the pale face whiter, than before, I think my uncle sincerely repented his hasty words to poor Job. I know he did. I know that he, as did we all, prayed God for the sparing of that life. And God answered too. There came a day when the fever left; when Job rejoiced in the possession of reason and of a home once more; when long-denied slumber visited him again. And over that sleeping form, I remember, my aunt repeated the words she had uttered at his first coming:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

His brethren! Yes; surely poor Job had a place there—"one of the least."

ERSKINE M. HAMILTON.

GOOD-NIGHT, BUT NOT GOOD-BYE.

WE lingered at the little gate,
Beneath a dark and dewy sky;
And when at last we parted, fate
Behind the shadows whispered "Wait;"
But she, unheeding, murmured "Late,
Late, sweetheart, it is growing late—
O, then good-night, and not good-bye!"

I watched her flitting up the stair,
And longed to be where thought could fly,
But half-way up the darkened stair
She turned and chid my lingering there;
"Even love," she cried, "must rest to bear

New buds for blooming! Only swear
You'll not forget—ah, do *not* swear—
And then good-night, but not good-bye!"

Her voice is in my memory yet,
A still, small sound that passeth by,
For who can love and then forget?
But death is sleep; and somewhere yet
Love's morn will rise and never set!
Therefore close up her coffin; let
Her rest awhile from care and fret;
Sleep well, sweetheart, I'll not forget:
"Good-night, indeed, but not good-bye!"

A LETTER TO EDITORS.

THIS letter might, with propriety, be called a chapter of grievances. It pertains to certain treatment which women receive from the press, and is written expressly for the eye and conscience of the editors of religious and secular papers. I publish it in a magazine, because I want to—reason sufficient for a woman! but if any of you kindly choose to copy it, so much the better. Now, very well I know that you will all and severally declare that you have not time to read my letter, because you have so much to do on which the welfare of the world, and of the entire solar system, and of all the adjacent systems, depend; but, brothers, my letter is, or ought to be, of vital interest to yourselves; it is published with the best intentions, and was “composed” in the kindest spirit; for, like all my sex, I am mindful of your noble courtesy toward us in relation to all subjects outside of the four grievances alluded to in this letter, and I believe that the cruel things you so often say of us are uttered thoughtlessly—without due consideration of their meaning or effects.

Partly for the sake of being understandable and logical, but chiefly to please you—for I observe that nothing pleases you so much as logic—I shall not mass my grievances in a round, glowing, sublime conglomerate, but shall consider them separately, and in regular, consecutive order. I shall speak as frankly as yourselves. To save your everlasting “time,” I will begin abruptly.

Not longer ago than two or three years, it was quite the “fashion,” as it had been before, and will be again, to publish articles accusing women of the better classes, of using intoxicating liquors, either openly or secretly; and the habit was said to be alarmingly common; and also, of course, on the rapid increase. This vile and groundless slander flourished in your columns for months. Not a paper could we spread before our teetotal eyes but

bristled with dreadful ejaculations, solemn adjurations, warning, wonder, alarm, horror, all because of woman's intemperate habits! Yes, we drank; we all drank; or, if here and there women might be found, gingerly dotted about the country, who did not, they were, one would have thought, such lonely exceptions as to be almost monstrosities; at best, poor sphinxes, they only served to point the rule. Above all, the Binghamton Asylum for Inebriates, that colossal breakwater against intemperance, was repeatedly represented as being crowded and overrun with women, while “scores of female applicants were turned away for lack of room.” Our “inebriate” brothers could have, it appeared, no place for even the soles of their feet to stand. What came of it all? Why, after the tempest had raged long, a faint voice piped out of it, purporting to be the property of the head-physician of the asylum, which feebly chirped the information that all the other information was false! In short, the Binghamton story, and all its adjuncts, like every other wholesale calumny against women, was a base slander. Truth is mighty, and even this tardy and feeble enunciator of it received strength; and, as though a voice of thunder had commanded,

“Tumult cease, sink to peace,”

the storm subsided. It was suddenly conceded, that, after all, comparatively few ladies drank to excess intoxicating liquors; and that those few were confined to small and ultra-fashionable circles, about which circles religious editors, especially, are prone to make us think, from their curious and legendary denunciations of them, that they know nothing whatever, personally, and would n't for the world.

Because of its delicacy, or rather indelicacy, I hesitate to refer to another and graver charge, made at periodical

intervals, and in the same wholesale and proofless manner: the charge that woman is following a broad and common custom when she stoops to murder of the lowest and vilest type! At those unfortunate epochs, when this slander riots through the papers—papers read, remember, by the sons and the young daughters of our homes; alas, what must be their reflections!—such terms are freely used as “fearfully prevalent crime,” “very customary;” and fiery fulminations are written, with such sensational headings as “Slaughter of the Innocents.” A Mohammedan, coming to this country just in one of these hegriras, would imagine that nearly every married woman in our Christian land out-Heroded Herod. With complaisance, born apparently of the novel and cheerful idea of letting people know that man does not do all the world’s murdering, and with a unanimity seldom seen, women are told—and it is always news to tens of thousands of them—that for a long while they have had almost the monopoly of murder; and that their ghastly crime, although already appallingly frequent, is spreading like an infection; until I suppose a vision of the final and complete extinction of the American race rises like an awful ghost before the prophetic eyes of the accusers; and the unspeakable horribleness of the world’s loss, congeals them into silence. The slander dies with the same curious celerity distinguishing its coming into life, and its last low mutterings are of “decay of races,” “decrease of families,” “deterioration,” and sundry other terrible items, beginning with sundry other letters of the alphabet. At this present writing, we are not accused in the papers of being either drunkards or murderers. These two woes are past, but they will return. These changes will be revamped, as they often have been, probably at the instance of some semi-confidential correspondent, fond of startling romances, and anxious to fill out his column; and we know—we say it not in anger, but in sorrow—we know that the great first-class religious and secular papers will take up these

ancient and ever-recurring slanders, and the land will ring again with reiterations of woman’s falsemess to the holiest instincts of nature, and of her ale-drinking, and her wine-bibbing. These charges, my brothers, have always hitherto been made in a singularly indiscriminate and wholesale manner. They have not justly applied, and never will apply, to the great mass of intelligent and cultured women.

When these two calumnious charges, which may be called the sensational accusations, are disposed of, the public is let down gently, to next consider two others, which may be called the staple accusations, namely:

1. *Woman’s Extravagance.*

2. *Woman’s Idleness.*

These two topics serve, at all times, for the most diverse purposes, and when all other subjects under the sun fail. They finish off a newspaper column which happens to fall short within a few lines of the bottom, with a paragraph set by itself, like some holy apothegm. They serve to point a moral in a newspaper “lecture” on any kind of moral or immoral subject; they adorn with an air of frank courage, of the do-or-die order, an editorial relating to the general affairs of the current epoch; and they make almost sublimely “splendid” topics for Christian gentlemen, when they aim to exhibit in one breath, as it were, the profoundest sagacity of which the human mind is capable, the tenderest pity, the loftiest condescension, and an absolutely limitless capacity for giving advice. Are the times prosperous? Man discourses incessantly, through the press, of woman’s ruinous waste, and hurls philippics, discourteous and general, against her reckless extravagance in furniture, equipage, and, above all, in dress—extravagance which is fast driving the country to the brink of insolvency, and evolving a financial panic. And when the panic comes, evoked by man’s economic methods of railroading, or by his conscientious speculations in wheat, or gold, or corn, or apples, or any of his other closely reck-

oned investments of money, with its logically gauged returns—what then? Why, now is the time, above all times since the creation of the world, for woman to begin to save! Now is the time for her to retrench in her boundless and fearful extravagance! But no, no; and the amazed Mentors shake their heads, as the winds the leaves on a poplar-tree in a gale, and they cry: Lo, she does not mend; she grows worse; look at her costly silks, and her velvets, worth their weight in silver; consider her embroidered array; contemplate her laces, which cost lives in the making; her shawls, which consumed years; behold her “trimmings,” her plumes, her ruffles. And it is a curious circumstance that we are always more extravagant than we ever were before. Our spend-thrift habits, in fact, constitute, in the eyes of our accusers, as in all other varieties of insanity, “One dreadful *now!*”

The loud plaint over our extravagance, which may be said to form the grand bass in the song, is finely varied and kept from that somewhat wearing monotony belonging to Jew's-harps and other one-voiced instruments, by a minor string, twanged occasionally, even often, but not all the time, as is the grand bass. This minor string discourses sweet music concerning woman's idleness. According to its touching refrain, woman, as a “generality,” sits at home with folded hands, or drives about to interview other women sitting at home with folded hands, or parades the streets to flaunt before the aggrieved gaze of man, the aforementioned extravagant attire; here the bass always wails out, deep, awful, pathetic. The young ladies of the period, who will be, an avenging Providence permitting, the wives of the future, do nothing that they ought to do. But they do so many things that they ought not, that one often feels that the charge of idleness is refuted by the very argument adduced for it. Any young lady who does all, or the half of what she is accused “in the papers,” must be very busy, work very hard, and sleep very little.

For you tell us that the young ladies—ah, how sharp you look after them!—embroider, say you, armies of animals, of all shapes except the natural ones, and millions of flowers, of all hues except the right ones; they paint “things,” in water-colors, which have no existence on earth, and are devoutly hoped to be missing in heaven; they dawdle hours and hours each day over the piano; they change their dresses from three to five times every twenty-four hours; they read enervating novels by the score; they flirt—not, I hope, with any editors; they rove from house to house by day, pricking those present, and abusing those absent; they keep shockingly late hours by night, at balls and parties. In short, the young ladies swarm in parlors, in streets, in stores; and they are always doing something that they should not do. Always pounding pianos; always spoiling good Bristol-board and canvas; always wasting worsted and embroidering silks, which man has to pay for; always putting on “another dress;” always reading Miss Bradon's latest novel; always running about; always dancing; always breaking the brittle heart of man. If your picture is true, the young ladies crowd their lives with profitless and foolish acts; but they are certainly not idle. Why, they toil harder than the old French galley-slaves.

But I entreat you now, to leave assertion and censure, and consider the facts behind these four accusations—accusations most damaging to woman, whether you so will or not; most deplorable if true, most cruel if unjustly made. I presume that no man of you really believes that intemperance is at all general among women of either respectable or prominent position. If there be one such editor, we are heartily sorry for his obfuscation. True, some women use ale and wines; but every particle of evidence shows that their number is exceedingly small, nay, even scarcely noticeable, by the side of the vast array of women who stand, a mighty phalanx opposing, by voice and life, every approach of this vice. You know that, as a class, we are

not intemperate; you know that, humanly speaking, there is no danger of our becoming so. You know that the women who pass the wine-cup to the easily failing hosts of your sex are but as units among the tens of thousands whose hands are guiltless of such proffers. Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors is the habit of nine hundred women out of every thousand throughout the United States. I assert it boldly. I am not afraid of any proof to the contrary. There is none. I am not mad, most noble, but most thoughtless, most cruel accusers. I speak the words of truth and soberness.

The second accusation would be too base for refutation, were it not more generally believed than the first,—more generally, I suppose, because, from its nature, it is less provable and more mysterious. This calumny always has for its base the "opinion" of physicians, and for its cupola, so to speak, the ponderous, but somewhat funny, and wholly vague, anathemas of clergymen, from the editor who happens to be a Reverend, all the way down to a bishop. As to physicians, if the crime is prevalent, they can know it only as participants, or as advisers, or as men whom women dare to tell! (Bad omens.) When we observe that, during every epoch of the intemperance hegira, doctors are always thrust forward—a meagre half-dozen giving their groundless opinion against us, an opinion in which, I believe, no decent physician was ever yet known to concur—What, I ask, is the assertion of these men good for? That women sometimes strive to escape from pain, agony, and care; that they sometimes dread the dreary years of confinement in the nursery, by the bedside of children; that they sometimes shrink from the myriad social privations, inseparable from a large family, as insupportable, is accorded; but that women commit murder deliberately, systematically, in cold blood, often, or at any one time, let the man believe who is himself vile enough to destroy human life. No other man has a right to believe

it. No other man than he who feels within himself the awful tendencies to murder, has the right to say of woman, She slaughters the innocent; to procure ease and leisure, freedom from suffering, or from care, or from expense, she steepes her soul in blood! A few perpetrate this crime: some thoughtlessly, like fools; some wickedly, like fiends. What are they to the great host of pure and noble women whose conscience is white before God? What are they, that you lift up your voice through the press, virtually accusing your mothers, your married sisters and daughters, and the beloved wives of your friends, of being murderers—fit only for the moral slums of the earth—walking free, and with unshamed faces, when prison-bars and bolts should hold them?

A moment's reflection shows that, as a sex, we are not extravagant. We are constantly told that we are. This, and the accusation of idleness, twin sins in respectable society, hum perpetual duets in the papers. Extravagant! Because a minority of wealthy, or would-be-thought wealthy, women in our large cities, with small circles in small towns, are spend-thrifts, lo, the armies of Magog! Lo, the sex deplete and plunder the pockets of their natural providers! Woman impoverishes man, wastes his earnings, spoils his goods, pillages him like a swarm of locusts. And, worst of all, roar the editors, she prevents his marrying her! "Why, how can a poor young man provide—" but we need not go through that passage, we all know it by heart. Ah! my brothers, what are a few thousand women who care naught for the value of money, or the effort with which man often obtains it—what are a few thousand such women, in a great country like ours, compared with that vast majority planning with brain or hand, or both, to make shillings do the work of dollars, whose thoughtfulness creates the handsome garment, or the comfortable meal, out of materials that female ignorance would waste, that man's larger and more careless management would overlook;

who study the ways of their households; and all are wisely ambitious to accumulate for the future? Such women are all around you—in your own homes. Your mothers, your wives, your sisters, even your daughters—poor, persecuted girls—are, we wot, among the number. But somewhere, away off, looming on a dim, vague horizon, is a vision (vision indeed!) of almost a nation of extravagant women; and, straining your eyes into the far space, to catch aching glimpses of the mocking mirage, you lose sight of the dear helpers right by your side. You forget the ingenious, contriving, astute, but generous managers of your own households. There are extravagant men in this nation. We say naught of the general and daily extras—no expenditure in tobacco. There are men who are puppets of fashion; men who fling away fortunes in riotous living; men whose wanton waste, were it the rule of your sex, would rank you by the side of the improvident savage. Would we be justified, in view of them, to mass you, as you mass us, when you discourse of our extravagance? Would you feel that such treatment is fair, reasonable, or polite?

"Ye are idle, ye are idle!" cried the task-masters of old. You do not mean to be like the task-masters, although you utter incessantly, against woman, their complaint against Israel. If you will leave complaining, and fall to thinking, one half-hour's study—not "idle" reverie, but hard, honest thinking—will revolutionize your theory; and you will perceive that, abating the minority of exceptions proving the rule, American women work too much! Certainly young girls do not put forth the same apparent effort that many young men do. Nor ought they; young girls are not strong. Their physical ability to do even the measure of "house-work," about which you bewail so bitterly, is inadequate; and you denounce you know not what. But the average American girl is not idle; her life is as full of downright "work" as it can harmlessly endure. The amount of useful exercise which she takes may

justly be regarded as sufficient; and, on candid reflection, I believe that you will admit that the exertions of the young ladies whom you *know*—do n't peer into the distant horizon, please—are greater, in proportion to their strength, than are the efforts of their brothers. As to the number of really idle girls, it is not larger than the number of really idle young men.

The existence in this country of a large class of idle women who have reached maturity is, at present, a normal impossibility. Look around you! High and low, rich and poor, women are ever weary through overexertion. Exercise, suitably gauged, is invaluable. Exhaustion is terrible, almost wicked. And few women of the better class but retire exhausted many nights of the year. They arise unrefreshed, and go on until disease disables them; even then they cease not, but put forth effort on effort. The typical American woman rests not but in the grave. The circumstances causing this deplorable state of things are inexorable; they spring out of our crude, but magnificently developing life, as a great and a new people. Too much is exacted from us all. We, men and women, are worked to the absolute limit of human endurance. Our social and domestic burdens are simply enormous; insufficient aids and constantly widening efforts go hand in hand. How preposterous to fatigue yourselves further, O men and brothers, in fighting this woman of straw, this idle and extravagant femininity, evolved from your morbid fancies, and dwelling in cloud-land!

Ah, gentlemen, there are to yourselves many dark mysteries concerning ourselves, which are to us as plain things as the clear, shining, midday sun. But let us reckon what you *do* know, *ought* to know, and *might* know. You know, that, compared with their number as a whole, very few women are intemperate; you ought to know that very few are murderers; and you might know, would you but reflect, that very few are really extravagant or idle. One item you will honestly deny;

namely, that you ever accuse us of intemperance in any general or extended sense. Watch your columns when the next periodical intemperance *hegira* rolls round. You will be amazed (your lady readers are) at the criminally careless, shockingly discourteous, and wholesale accusations; and you will find yourselves penning editorials containing general and cruel denunciations against women, which no gentleman would dare utter in your own drawing-rooms, to your wives and your daughters.

We complain not that you point out faults in our sex. We grieve that, in so doing, you mass us so flippantly; you denounce us so broadly; you accuse us of wrongs and follies which are perpetrated by the few, as though they were committed by the many. This it is of which we complain. There are thieves and defaulters, and vile men of all grades; dishonesty is not so rare as to raise any alarm as to the too near approach of that time when the Golden Age shall reappear, or the Millennium begin. The national treasures are plundered—by men; high places are bought and sold—by men; among men, dishonor, and deceit, and domestic infidelity, and social position, and great power, walk lovingly hand in hand. What then? As man, you still lift your face Godward, and the glory falls on lip and brow. We give thanks unto the Creator for it. We hear of Tweeds and Fisks and rings; of confiscated votes, despoiled bureaus, base traffic in office; of falsehood and perjury; of foulness, linked with names that should be only heaven-shriven,—but none of these things move us. We fear not that, as a sex, you will sink to such depths that your integrity will become corruption, that your broad, far-reaching plans for the honorable acquisition of wealth will end in your degenerating into public thieves and robbers. We always, and properly, separate you in our thoughts from these exceptionable individuals; we distinguish, when we talk of you, between the men who love these things and the men who hate them.

We fortify ourselves with the technical terms you invent, and which serve as boundary-lines to divide the few from the many. We know what such a term as the ring means, and what a vast host is outside of it; we knew what the salary-grab was, and how many—alas! brothers—and how many refused it; any way, we gladly recognized the thunderings of your papers, and what they portended. We like your careful geographical boundaries between each other; but when you fulminate an anathema against women, you forget distinctions. Where are the boundaries set for us? When ever did you limit your accusations against us? What dividing lines are drawn between the few and the many? Can you recall an instance, during any of the four *hegiras*? Unless the week before election, when you are so occupied with maledictions, politics, and with warning each other against each other, that you forget all about us, did you ever publish an issue not marred by flings, discourteous and general, against us? Open your last paper, and read. If your conscience is alive, the perusal will scorch your eyes, unless, as is unlikely, you are an "exception proving the rule." If woman had control of the press, would you like to have her treat you as you now treat her? What would you think of her, if, in view of the terrible catalogue of crime really existing against man, she should denounce you in such unmeasured, undistinguishing, and universal terms as you, in writing of her, constantly employ? Would not you feel that it is unjust?

If this treatment of the press, so cruel to the assailed, so lamentable in its effects, especially upon young men, educating them from week to week to distrust and to despise woman, were but from other hands! Were it but from the men who may fitly stand beside those of our sex of whom such words are true! But "Thou, too, Brutus!" and lo, they for whom we keep kindly thoughts and reverence turn against us. The hands that ministered are raised to strike us down.

They whose wisdom helps more and yet more, as true culture advances, to guide the world of opinion aright, they are the men from whose lips drop these thoughtless calumnies. For I am not writing to the base man, who sometimes runs a short and accidental span in the great editorial arena; nor to the merely respectable common man. I am writing to you, the gentleman; to you, who do, and cause to be done, much of the world's great work; who look upon life's broad possibilities with gravity; who battle with its falseness, and meet its rebuffs with dignity, as well as with a stout heart.

O brothers! ye who aim to be courteous, and are most unknowingly; who think to be kind, and are cruel; who scorn injustice, and who cast stones at

the innocent; who would fain shelter us from every rough wind, and who poison the air with calumnies,—we, like yourselves, are neither idlers, nor spend-thrifts, nor drunkards, nor murderers. Open your eyes, and behold us as we are: a vast multitude walking by your side, with all the mighty army of God's noblemen on earth around; our faces set toward the same hope, the hope of goodlier ages for the world's future sons and daughters; ages in which right shall triumph, for might itself shall be just and pure. Fair hope! now arising over the nations, like the morning dawn. High hope! in whose promise we, like you, will rejoice, and for whose fulfillment we, with you, will labor.

ELIZA WOODWORTH.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

CHAPTER III.

ONE Winter night, M. Saurin had kept me later than usual at my recitations, so that I did not reach home until the dusk was closing in. Arriving there, however, I found the door fastened. It was the hour when my father usually returned, and when my mother prepared the supper. I could not imagine what had happened to them both. I seated myself on one of the steps of the staircase to wait their coming, and had been there some time, when little Rose came down and perceived me. I asked her if she knew why the door was locked; but instead of replying, she ran with all speed up the stairs, as if frightened; and I heard her cry, as she entered her mother's room, "Pierre Henri is down below!" Some one answered her, and then they spoke in rapid whispers. At length, Mère Cauville appeared at the head of the stairway, and invited me, in a friendly voice, to come up to her apartment. She had made the table ready for her chil-

dren, and wished me to partake of their evening meal. I replied that I would rather wait for my mother.

"She is gone out—for some purpose." Spoken in a hesitating manner. "Perhaps she will not return as soon as you expect. Eat, my poor Pierre, and you will remember this meal a long time."

I took the vacant place near Rose. Every one in the family kept a solemn silence, save the Mère Cauville, who tried to make me eat. Without knowing why, I felt heart-broken, and was always listening for a step coming up the stairs, and looking every instant toward the door.

The repast over, they gave me a chair near the fire. The Cauvilles gathered around me, but without speaking a word. This silence, this unusual care, frightened me, and I rose up, crying:

"I want to see my mother."

"Wait a little; she will come back," said the widow.

"Where is she," I asked.

"Ah, well!" replied Mere Cauville, "she is in the hospital."

"Is she sick, then?"

"No: she has gone to help your father, who has had an accident in the ship-yard."

I insisted that I must go to them; but the merchant-peddler, Cauville, opposed it. She pretended ignorance as to the hospital where the wounded man was taken, and hinted that I might not be well received there. So I had to remain and wait where I was. But my heart felt bound up as in a vice. I nearly suffocated. Every one seemed to pity me. We were all seated before the fire, which made a little crackling noise. We heard the pelting of the rain without, and the north wind roared terribly around the dilapidated old building. At this moment a dog began to howl in the direction of Pautin's, a French physician's, inclosure, and without having any reason, I again wept bitterly. The Mother Cauville left me to do so, without saying any thing to check the tears, as if, indeed, she could give me neither hope nor consolation. At length, when quite late in the night, we heard slow, heavy steps upon the staircase. The neighbor and her children ran to the door. I rose up too, yet trembling all over with a strange dread, and gazed into the entry. My mother appeared there. She was dripping with the rain. Her face was stained with dust and blood, and wore an expression I had never before seen on it.

She advanced quite to the fire without speaking a word, and fell exhausted into a chair. We saw that she wished to say something, for her lips moved; but only a stifled sound came from them.

I threw myself against her, and pressed her in my arms. The Mère Cauville asked her at last:

"What news from Jerome?"

"Ah, well! I must say it," stammered my mother, in a voice nearly unintelligible. "The doctor foresaw it all along—there was only time for him to recognize me—he gave me his watch—and then—it was all over."

The neighbor clasped her hands, while her children looked earnestly in her face. As for myself, I did not well understand, and uttered a cry that I wanted to go to the hospital, where my father lay. At this request, the poor wife turned hastily toward me, took my two hands in hers, and drew me to her with a sort of angry grief.

"Thy father? poor unfortunate!" said she. "But thou hast one no longer! Dost thou hear well? thou hast none!"

I looked at her, stupefied. Such an image could not enter my mind, and I continued to repeat, "I want to see my father!"

"Thou dost not understand, then, that he is dead?" broke in Mother Cauville, with a harsh tone.

That sentence was to me like a thunder-bolt. I had seen the clothes-merchant, and my little sister, and knew what death was. That word, indeed, was connected in my memory to many of the most frightful pictures—a dreary pall, a close-covered bier, a deep hollow in the earth; and I began to utter the most piteous cries and sobs. They carried me to my mother, and she took me to our lodging. I can remember nothing more.

When I saw my mother on the morrow, she seemed to me better than on the evening before, because she was not so pale. The women told me, however, that she had a fever. Friend Maurice came in the course of the day to visit her, and took me away with him, after he had spoken a few words to her. The next day I went with him to seek a spot, wherein to bury my father. On the day of the burial, I was dressed in my best suit of clothes, and they fastened a black crape band around my hat. We were only six or eight that followed the coffin, which I remember surprised me, as my idea of a burial included a long funeral procession. My father was in the common grave-yard, and Maurice bought, on the spot, a wooden cross, which he planted himself in the place where they interred him. I went home with red eyes, but heart already comforted. I

was not unlike the generality of children, whom grief can not long enthrall.

Since then, I have often meditated on this subject, and once consulted a famous M. D. about the explanation of the apparent ingratitude and insensibility of these early years. He replied that it was a safeguard Providence cast around young children. 'The forced occupations of life, he said to me, turn men away from their most sincere regrets. When one has a workshop, he must put back his sorrow until work is finished; and thus, little by little, labor consoles us, in spite of ourselves. But the child has his whole time on his hands, and if his trouble should be ever present, his heart would be without any rest or distraction, until grief sapped the very fountain of life, and the child would die. God does not wish to weaken him by such hard trials. He knows that the little ones require all the strength possible to *grow*—that he must have all the fire of life to light him on, before leaving it, to be watered, and quenched by too many tears. And thus he grants him forgetfulness, as he has given him hunger, that he may strengthen and gather up his forces, to make a man.

Friend Maurice, after leaving the cemetery, went with me to my mother's room. At sight of us, she wept afresh, for our return told her that the companion of twenty years could never take part in life with her again. But the sight of her tears irritated Maurice.

"Go to, Madeline," said he, in a brusque voice, although he felt the utmost kindness, "what you are doing is not reasonable. Jerome, like ourselves, is where the good Lord has placed him. Do what you ought. Let him rest in peace. You must work, and take courage. Here is a poor waif, who has need of you. Look! is he not in reality Jerome? He surely resembles him as much as one sou does another sou;" and then he gave me a gentle push toward my mother, who embraced me, stifling great sobs as she did so. "That will do," repeated he, as he drew me away

again, after some minutes. "Now, dry up your tears, wipe your eyes, and close the fountain of your heart. You are a valiant one, my old woman, and I only have to stir you up a little to prove it. Now, how do you expect to maintain yourself? Let us speak of it here and now, for it is the most pressing thought."

My mother replied that she "knew of nothing; that she could see no other means of living, than to beg from door to door."

"Do not speak of any thing so stupid!" cried Maurice, good-humoredly. "Is that an idea which ought to come into the mind of the widow of an honest mechanic? If you have hands to beg, perhaps you can as well work with them! I do not believe for a moment that you have any fear of work—you, whom I always cite as a model to my daughter and my wife! Are there no households to assist? Is there nothing for the best laundry woman in this quarter? Well, it falls upon me, then, to bring to your remembrance the pet name by which you are called in the country, even the 'little cunning one,' because of the dexterity of your fingers!"

These praises raised somewhat the tone of my mother's mind, and she consented to try, with Maurice's help, what she could best perform. The mason already had his plan made out, which he rendered acceptable to her by seeming to leave the honor of suggesting it to the widow.

It was decided that she should seek a household where there was a boy to take care of; meanwhile, I should enter the yard as an apprentice in tempering and carrying mortar. Maurice promised to oversee all the arrangement, and engaged, in his country way of speaking, if the remuneration was not equal to the need, to add a little butter to the salad!

We left our pleasant lodgings, or what seemed so to us, to take possession of the ground-floor rooms, formerly occupied by the clothes-merchant, and which had been vacant since then.

We were forced to this change for

economy's sake, but it gave my poor mother a sad heart. Our household goods could not find standing space in the cave to which we descended. It would be necessary to sell all the movables which we did not require. The little cradle, where my baby sister had slept, I regretted more than any thing else. As for my mother, there was no end to her lamentations. Her housekeeping had been her chief glory, and seeing it so reduced, and heaped up in the gloomy place, which we were now to inhabit, she covered her head in her apron, until one, at seeing her, would have declared that actual dishonor had fallen upon her.

I do not know why poor men, more than the rich, hold on with such tenacity to the dumb objects among which they have lived! Perhaps their attachment is in proportion to the trouble they have in acquiring, or, it may be, by its continual use. With them, nothing disappears—nothing changes. The furniture with which they began their housekeeping remains in the same place to the day when their housekeeping ends. It becomes a part of themselves. If time mutilates or mars it, then it is repaired, or transformed by making it over anew. The broken pieces, even, are utilized. When the fire has done its work, in cracking the earthen kettle, in which the poor man's dinner and that of his family has heretofore been cooked, then they plant sweet peas and mignonnette in it to ornament the window. All these household goods in ruins are like friends that have grown old by our sides. For my part, I have never been able, voluntarily, to separate myself from that which has for a long time lived with me. Even to this day, I have a garret encumbered with lame furniture, and utensils out of fashion;

it is my "*Hotel des Invalides*," for old servants. Nevertheless, I know there is no reason in it. But we must occasionally accord something to what we feel, as well as do always what we ought.

During the following week my mother found a place with a bachelor, who resided in a small pavilion above the *fau-bourg St. Martin*.

M. Lenoir had but one passion—that of geography. The entire walls of his dwelling were tapestried with maps, which he had fastened with pins, the heads being ornamented with wax to conceal them. These pins also marked, as I afterward learned, the route followed by the most celebrated travelers. M. Lenoir related their smallest adventures with gusto, knew the names of all the places they visited, and was acquainted with the most insignificant plantation of Africa. As a compensation to such knowledge, he could not tell who were his nearest neighbors, and he had only visited Paris as he sat in his own quarters. He was considered and treated as a maniac by the world outside; but as I have since reflected on the subject, I have more than half believed that most part of the men who mocked at M. Lenoir were not much more wise. They also neglect nothing which is indispensable to the prosecution of their ruinous or useless fancies. Do they not travel in Africa with red-headed pins occasionally, when they ought to be engrossed with their higher affairs, and those of their families? Every time that I have been tempted to waste time with matters that can have no results, I remember M. Lenoir, and that arrests me. A proof that from every description of person that comes under our notice, even from fools themselves, we can derive lessons of wisdom.

FROM THE FRENCH.

METHODISM AND MISSIONS.

THE Missionary operations and enterprises of the nineteenth century—a feature of the century as distinguishing as steamboats, railroads, telegraphs, insurance and express agencies—are not a hundred years old, yet humanitarians are already confidently predicting their failure. The theory of the wise of this world is, civilize and then christianize; that of the Church is, christianize, and civilization will follow as a matter of course. The obstacles to missionary success are manifold,—climate, race repugnances, false religions, antiquated superstitions, cherished sins, barbarous customs, laws, and usages, the thousand hinderances to the introduction and progress of Christianity on heathen soil. More formidable obstacles are found in the ignorance, apathy, indifference, selfishness, covetousness, and conceit, that prevail and flourish in Christian lands. In an age of wholesale, the Church confines its operations to a retail scale. At a time when private incomes are measured by the million, the Church is satisfied with thousands. While the State expends in arts of destruction its billions, all Christendom expects, with a few meagre millions, to save continents and hemispheres.

The missionary operations of the Methodist Episcopal Church are respectable, though, it must be confessed, nothing remarkable in view of the numbers, wealth, and intelligence of the denomination. During the earlier years of the existence of the organization, pioneer work on American soil absorbed the energies of the body, and left neither time nor men nor means for extraneous enterprises. Engaged in overlaying, with a vast net-work of circuits, the advancing populations of the West, the Church was a little tardy in assuming its share in the great missionary movement that characterizes the century. For a while it left to the other branches

of the great Protestant family the labor of breaking ground in pure heathenisms, constructing grammars and dictionaries in uncouth dialects, and translating the Scriptures into foreign and barbarous tongues. Regrets are useless; but it is in us to regret that the Church, young as it was, had not embarked in heathen missions contemporaneously with the Congregationalists and Baptists, in 1812. We were numerically stronger than the latter at the period of Judson's defection to their ranks; and probably twice as numerous as the former, when their agents, with twelve hundred dollars in hand, broke the ice in American missionary enterprise by resolving to send four families to India. So great has been the advance in missionary sentiment and daring, since, by experiment, it has been found out what can be done, that we are not now surprised to find Sabbatarians, with numbers equal to those of the Methodists of ante-revolutionary time, sending missionaries to China; and Free Will Baptists, only equal to the Methodists of the first days of the Republic, with a flourishing missionary establishment in India.

How slow the Methodist Church was to enter the missionary field proper, may be learned from the fact that, in 1819, when we were two hundred and forty thousand strong; when all the Christian world was alive to foreign missionary enterprise; while Carey was erecting a college at Serampore, Judson baptizing his first convert in Burma, Morrison and Milne publishing the Bible in Chinese, the celebrated Pomare consecrating a chapel larger than St. Peter's at Rome, rivaling the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, and receiving baptism in it in the presence of five thousand of his subjects, and constructing a Tahitian Missionary Society; while the London Missionary Society was entering Madagascar, and the

Wesleyans responding to the call of Hottentots and Bushmen in South Africa; while Moffat was entering upon his labors among the Griquas and Bechuanas; while Bingham and his associates were embarking for the Sandwich Islands, Pliny Fiske for Palestine, and Winslow and Scudder to re-enforce Ceylon,—the Methodist Episcopal Church was constituting a Missionary Society, whose vision embraced the "French of Louisiana," the "Spaniards of South America," and "every other people," under the prudent saving clause, "as far as our means may admit." The year 1819, that of the discovery of the electro-magnetic agency by Oersted, was not the epoch of Atlantic telegraphs, Pacific railroads, ocean steamers, and magnificent undertakings of every description; and the modesty of the aims of the Methodist Missionary Society, as set forth by the elder Emory, in the report to the General Conference of 1820, is doubtless commendable, though it savors of a caution to which the present age is, fortunately or unfortunately, a stranger.

"The time, indeed, may not yet be come in which we should send our missionaries beyond the seas. Our own continent presents fields sufficiently vast, which are opening before us, and whitening unto harvest. These, it is probable, will demand all the laborers and all the means which we can command at present."

The express object of the Society was to aid the conferences in carrying on the work of itinerant evangelization; and to this original purpose it devoted for years its choicest energies. Even after the Society had, somewhat timidly, engaged in foreign work, the Reports of the Society annually remind its patrons of its primitive design. "The supply of destitute places," and "feeble societies," "within the limits of our own regular work," and "sustaining those devoted itinerants who are laboring in places where they are unable to procure a support," are "leading objects contemplated

in the establishment of a Missionary Society," as "expressed in the first article of its Constitution."

The Report for 1849, says: "Nearly one-third of the Society's annual income has hitherto been appropriated to feeble circuits and stations, in the regular work, leaving a little more than two-thirds to be divided between foreign missions proper, and the foreign populations of this country."

By this, it appears that, between natives and immigrant foreigners, two-thirds of the Society's annual income was expended at home, at a period when Liberia, Oregon, South America, China, and California constituted its foreign missions. It is curious, in looking over the Annual Reports, to see how much special pleading is put forth for domestic missions. The Thirty-ninth Report, says: "This class of missions is at present the most valuable of all our missions, in the estimation of many of our most intelligent brethren. They receive a larger support than any other class, and always have."

"Domestic Missions," says the Report for 1856 (page 49), "like domestic virtues, are the least visible and striking, in the grand missionary action of the Church, yet, like the domestic virtues, they are the most important, at least in this new world."

So, out of \$265,000, the Committee and Board appropriate about \$175,000 to domestic missions, or missions under the care of the conferences, severally, and leave less than \$90,000 to carry on missions of the Church in Liberia, China, Norway, Sweden, South America, Central America, New Mexico, India, Turkey, France, and Germany. This frightful disparity between foreign fields and the resources for their cultivation reminds us of the dismay of the disciples at the sight of hungry thousands with only a few diminutive loaves to supply the need, and leads us to wish for a repetition of the miracle. In 1858, seventy thousand dollars appropriated to the itinerancy, and sixty thousand to the

whole outside world, shows the estimate of the comparative value of foreign and domestic missions, in the minds of the leaders of the Church. Occasional hints lead us to suppose that the laity do not always agree with the leaders in this estimate.

The Thirty-second Annual Report (page 8) says of the domestic work: "This is the most extensive, as well as the most important, part of our missionary work at present; and yet it is not so esteemed, generally, by the Church, because it is not so open to observation, and can not be so frequently and clearly reported in our missionary publications, as our foreign missions."

The traditional relation of the domestic to the foreign work has been steadily maintained down to the appropriations for the year 1875, in which more than one-third of the entire appropriation is to be expended in aid of the English itinerant work, and only about one dollar in four reaches a Godless, Bibleless, Christless heathendom. Though the Missionary Society was domestic in its origin, and has ever been so largely domestic in its administration, it is a curious historical fact, that it is to the foreign department that the domestic owes, largely, both its contributions and its impetus. The itinerancy of Wesley and the fathers did not take kindly to the idea of aid in the form of missionary contributions. For the first dozen years of the Society's existence, though the income was meagre, surplus funds rusted idly in its coffers. A self-sacrificing ministry had subsisted for fifty years on the voluntary offerings of those whom it benefited. The Twenty-eighth Annual Report says: "To the everlasting honor of our laborious and self-denying itinerancy, it must be admitted that most of the real missionary work of this country has been performed by men who never received a dollar from the missionary treasury." It was not until the stimulus of the Young Men's Missionary Society of Boston, and the zeal of Cox, had infused a foreign element

into its calculations, and thrust foreign work upon its hands, that the word "foreign" was, somewhat tautologically, inserted in the first article of its Constitution, that the Society engaged in home operations with any thing like the zeal that their importance and relative magnitude demanded. The foreign cause not only gave the home interest its first impetus, but by every access of popular fervor in favor of the foreign department, the home cause has largely profited. The itinerant missions have profited still more largely by being associated with so powerful an auxiliary as missions among the foreign populations in our own country. Almost simultaneously with the commencement of our foreign operations, a domestic work of surprising interest, was thrust upon our hands. Cox went to Liberia in 1832; Nast was sent to the Germans in 1835. The German work in America at once enlisted the sympathies, and drafted the contributions, of the Church. With this theme upon his lips, the popular orator was sure of his audience. "Destitute fields" in the home itinerant work, experimented as little upon the platform as in the Society's Annual Reports. In the condensed notices of the speeches at anniversaries, prefixed to the Reports of the years previous to 1858, we find but one,—Rev. D. Wise, in 1852, who spoke openly and directly about "destitute portions of the home field," though several touched upon the ever-popular topic, "frontier itinerancy;" and Wise enforced his argument by the usual plea, speedy remuneration for the outlay. We, who are advocates for the separation of the foreign work from the domestic, complain that thousands of dollars, raised by dilating on the miseries of Indians and foreigners, are annually expended on American-born citizens; that the heathen world, with its teeming millions of perishing souls, is put into rhetorical requisition to raise funds to spend on sparse thousands of semi-Christians between the Hudson and Mississippi; that money is raised in

dimes, by picturing the wants and woes of the heathen, ten thousand miles away, to spend in dollars on people not a league off; people who, with a tithe of the self-sacrifice that the heathen make in behalf of idolatry, would amply sustain their own burdens, without a dollar of aid from the Missionary Society. In 1820, the Rajah of Burdwan spent £120,000, or \$600,000, in a single pilgrimage to the temple of Juggernaut. Many feel as a New England preacher did, when he concluded an argument in favor of a division of the societies, in the *Zion's Herald*, with the words: "I can not ask the people to give their money to send the Gospel to the heathen when I know that so large a portion of it is paid to preachers among ourselves, who preach to people better able to support them, than they are from whom we solicit the funds." In the old certificates of life membership, the twenty-dollar subscription throws the fanes of heathendom into volcanic agonies, when, probably, not five of the twenty get outside of Sandy Hook.

A separation of the domestic work from the foreign, in our opinion, is, and has for a long time been, the great want of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The original constitution of the Society was essentially domestic. Let the foreign element, that was grafted upon it, be eliminated, and relegated to its own secretary and board. Let there be a home secretary, and a foreign secretary. Let each present the claims of his own work, on its own merits; and, on the annual Missionary Sunday, let each contributor designate the direction he wishes his funds to take, whether home or foreign. The expenses of administration may be increased, but the income will be proportionately increased. The demands on the missionary benevolence of the people may be, and should be, doubled; but their light will also be doubled, and their gifts will be proportioned to their light. The home secretary will borrow his arguments from home fields, and no

more money will be begged for home consumption over the case of the perishing heathen; and the zeal of each secretary will be quickened by intimate contact with his own especial field. We are told that this division is practically made now in the New York office; that one secretary has special charge of the home work, and another of the foreign. This is as it should be, according to the principles of division of labor; and we contend that the same division of the work should be made before the people, the contributors, the holders of the purse-strings of benevolent enterprise, that they may know, from the lips of their agents, the demand and supply of the respective fields. But these things, it is replied, are spread before the people in the Annual Reports, and in the Church papers. Not one in a thousand ever sees an Annual Report; and while the amounts appropriated to the domestic work, as well as foreign, are spread before the people, the money for the home field goes into the annual conferences, who disburse it, and it goes into the general work of the itinerancy, and makes no special showing as missionary work, either there or elsewhere. One-fourth of our ministry are recipients of aid from the missionary funds; but who, outside of their own conferences, knows them as missionaries? or who could, from the General Minutes, distinguish the mission stations of a conference from any other? or what report has the Church journal of the work performed by these two thousand home missionaries?

We have, happily, got beyond the stale, self-complacent pleas of former years: "Ours is a Missionary Church;" "We are all missionaries;" and that the magnitude of our mission at home excuses us from foreign fields. The German department of the home work was drafted to enforce this view. In Strickland's "History of Methodist Missions," he calls the German work in America "the most brilliant and successful of all missions since the days of the apostles; in the prosecution of which, during the

brief space of fourteen years, in the conversion of souls and accessions to the Church, more has been accomplished than has resulted from the labors of all the Churches, during a period of fifty years, for the conversion of India and China." How unjust this comparison is may be seen from a few statistics. In 1854 there were 8,868 members and probationers in the German Missions of the Methodist Church. In India there were 17,093 communicants that same year. In India itself, in 1850, the contributions to Protestant Missions amounted to \$167,700. The contributions of the entire Methodist Church, for the same year, were \$107,815. A brilliant and successful work the German revival in America has been, and we have supplied it with cash, system, and theology; but beyond this, nothing, unless it be prayers and good wishes. The German work from the beginning has been *self-evolving*. The Germans have simply lighted their torch at our fire, borrowed organization and material aid, and gone forth to do their own preaching and evangelizing. We are not aware of it if the German work has cost the American portion of the work a single missionary during the entire period of its existence. Germans have converted Germans, and spared our own young men the labor of dictionaries and translations, and the mortification of mangling a beautiful foreign tongue by the brogue that ever waits on the tongue of the foreigner. In 1873, the average of the German contribution to the general missionary fund was sixty-two cents per member, while those of the American portion of the Church was fifty-one.

It outraged patience twenty years ago, the implied claim that because Methodists were doing so much in the home field, they could therefore be excused from the foreign. Baird's "Religion in America," compared with the statistics of the Annual Report for 1854, showed them, without entering into particulars, that one-sixth of the men, and one-eighth of the money employed on American soil,

were furnished by the Methodist Episcopal Church; in other words, that that Church was simply doing its fair proportion of the work of home evangelization, along with the other five or six leading denominations of the Union. At that time we were not doing our fair proportion of the work in foreign lands, considering our wealth and numbers. We are doing better now. Yet there still lingers among us a frightful amount of the conceit that the special mission of Methodism is to infuse new life into decayed Christianities; that our chief sphere of labor is among the Churches of America; and that until these are fitted for heaven beyond a peradventure, we have neither time, nor men, nor means, for any other work whatever. The practical language of these zealous home reformers is, let others toil and moil among the suffocating corruptions of heathenism; let others fit out the ships and send missionaries to the ends of the earth, to endure the hazards of acclimation, brave the opposition of governments, overcome difficult tongues, make dictionaries and translations, institute schools and work presses,—our work is here. Home work pays; heathen missions are fearfully expensive, and gigantically unremunerative. Work in Christian countries is prepared to hand. Germans, for instance, however destitute of spirituality, are born, baptized, and educated Christians; and mostly, if not universally, members of a Christian Church. Even its ologies profess Christianity, and the deadliest of its infidel productions is a "Life of Jesus." In Romish countries the pictures, images, and ceremonies reflect the Bible, life professes to be guided by its precepts and teachings; the most degraded in Christendom are seldom out of sight of church spires, the hearing of church bells, or the voices of the heralds of salvation. Christian names remind them of Christian origin and hint Christian obligations; religious ceremonies, marriage and funeral rites, and other solemnities, intimate to the most thoughtless and ignorant that they are in a

Christian land. The Christian heathen of Protestantism are out of the loins of Christian fathers, and were taught to pray by Christian mothers. They are the lineal descendants of the Lutheran Reformation. The very vocabulary of blasphemy in Christian lands embraces the entire round of Scriptural theology. That sublime profanity, indigenous in Christendom, before which the boldest quail, borrows its terribleness from the daring debasement of the highest and holiest ideas the human mind is capable of conceiving. It implies a knowledge of all the agencies of salvation, and all the liabilities of damnation.

The godless heathen has no religious phraseology to swear by. His profanity is limited to low earth-born ribaldry. His knowledge of the true God antedates Abraham. Of the name of Christ he never heard. The "Law and the Prophets" he knows nothing of; he has no Sabbath, no knowledge of the joys of heaven or the doom of hell. The Christian Missionary has not the task, as in Christendom, of awakening slumbering associations, dormant memories, or stagnant consciences; he must infuse new ideas, invent terms for expressing them. He has not only to teach the being of a God, a heaven, hell, and the need of repentance, faith, righteousness, and salvation; he has also to elevate words and phrases to make them embrace the true import of these novel doctrines. Years must be consumed in displacing venerable superstitions and cherished idolatries, and years more in laying the basis, in intelligible language, of theoretical Christianity, before any just comparison can be instituted between the relative success of missionary work in Christendom and heathendom. Every computation of the results of labor on Christian and heathen soil, at this stage of missionary progress, must result fearfully to the disadvantage of the latter. Faith and figures are instantly at war. The material outweighs the immaterial; the "almighty dollar" is of more value than the immortal soul! The foreign

work should be separated from the domestic, that the former may not be perpetually put into injurious comparison with the latter in the showing of its tale of expenses, and its numerical results. The heathen world can not wait till all the destitute fields at home become self-supporting stations. Now and then the Annual Reports inform us that the East, weakened by migrations to the West, is ever and anon demanding back the money it once so flushly poured into the missionary treasury; so that, having missionized the American Continent from ocean to ocean, we now seem likely to begin our work over again where we started. Thus, the domestic work already gives signs of becoming a perpetual motion, vibrating from sea to sea! What are the hopes of heathenism if the stay-at-home policy should predominate?

Thank God, it no longer predominates. We are fairly represented in India and China, pure heathendoms, and are still better furnished forth in lands nominally Christian. Our greatest want is money. Our funds want doubling; and our own conviction has long been, that, by separating the two interests and presenting each by its own corresponding secretary, on its own merits, to the laity, as much might be obtained for each as is now contributed for both. The home department has been divided and subdivided till it now embraces some six different departments. Why the foreign should still be chained to the domestic, while the Sunday-school Union, Church Extension, Freedmen's Aid, and others, have been sundered from it and made specialties, we can not conceive. The last General Conference made three missionary secretaries. If we had had the ordering of their work, we would have made each the head of a separate department of the work,—one to supervise, represent, plead for, and provide for the domestic work within the bounds of the Annual Conferences; one to work in behalf of unevangelized Christianities, and the other to have the oversight and charge of the work in pure heathendom—

each man charged to enlighten the people to the fullest extent possible in his respective department, and every contributor at liberty to give direction to his benevolence, and to say whether it should go to the home or foreign field. Three departments will be at once pronounced impracticable. Two, the home and foreign, are certainly practicable; and the division would speedily be followed, we predict, by the union of the home de-

partment with that of Church extension, which are but branches of the same work, and capable of management by the same secretaries; and the coalescence of the foreign department with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, to which there would no longer be any objection, theoretical or practical, when the men and women were of the Church both engaged in the same grand enterprise.

EDITOR.

THE SON, MOTHER, AND WIFE.

"AND Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebekah, and she became his wife; and he loved her: and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death."

We said that a wife, to be a comfort to a man, after his mother's death, has to be good, and gentle. To be sure, all mothers are not gentle; but they always have a consideration,—a quick apprehension of the sorrows of their children, and a credit for the good that is in them, which others do not, and can not, have. This must be supplied by what comes as near to it as possible in the wife. And especially must the wife bring up nothing of the mother but pleasant recollections. Unfortunately, many a wife does not love her husband's mother. One would think that this state of things was only to be found in low life, where there is but little culture; but it is deplorably the case with many who have had great advantages in society for the cultivation of refinement. I have known some amiable men who refrain from speaking of the dearly loved mother in their wife's presence, because they know the mention of her name or opinion would raise an element of antagonism. I do not say that every mother does right toward her son's wife. I think many mothers do wrong in taking upon themselves the task of trying to prevent the expenditure of the son's money, by

her who has a right to it,—as much as her husband allows her. But it is only an anxiety in the heart of the mother for the son's welfare which prompts to this. "The poor boy's hard earnings must not be wasted;" or, "He is tied too closely to business; it will kill him if he has to supply so much money." These are the mother's feelings, which compel her to speak; and they really are meant for the good of all,—such words; and they are often needed, but seldom do good. The young wife perceives not the good in them. She takes them as only opposition to herself. She thinks it is interfering with her affairs. And so it is; but it is not an insult to her. And years hence, perhaps, when her husband comes to bankruptcy, or suddenly breaks down in health, and dies, leaving her without means, which might have been avoided, had the mother's expostulations been thought of any consequence, she will think otherwise.

But it seems that many a poor anxious mother really forgets that a new government is established, when her son takes a wife,—as really so, as when she herself was first made the mistress of an establishment; and that always each new government is perfectly independent of the former. It is only the applying of the same rule to another, that you would have applied to yourself under like cir-

cumstances, that will regulate this matter. The young wife herself might see how she ought to receive counsel from one so experienced, and truly interested, as the mother of her husband, if she would but look forward to the time when she will be the mother of a man,—and he takes to himself a wife. Some one will say: "It is the manner in which advice is given that spoils it." But we must look through the manner to the motive, and manifest gratitude for what we know is sincere interest for our welfare, and the welfare of those dearest to us. How can it be otherwise? And yet it is otherwise in multitudes of cases, or I would not write this; for it humiliates me to suppose it needed.

Let me tell you, young wife, she, who is dear as life to him whom you love, should be dear to you. Do not try the fatal experiment of turning his mind against his mother, by rehearsing to him

your grievances. It may seem for a little time to be tolerated by him, but it will not long be so; his heart soon turns back to her who gave him birth, and carried him on her bosom, and he will love you the less for the part you took against her. I shall never forget what a mother once recounted to me in her grief about a scene of this kind. She says: "I thought I should fall my length, as I accidentally overheard the wife of my son W. talking to him against me." "To think that the boy I had so loved and lived for, should ever sit and hear it;" but it reacted, as it always does, and resulted in greater clinging to his mother, and less to his wife. Beware, young wife, of going counter to nature's laws. Your husband will love his mother. If you love her too, and live in harmony with her, you not only comfort him, but strengthen the bonds which bind him to you.

E. W. TRUE.

COME TO MY GRAVE ALONE.

COME to my grave alone, when no footstep is falling near,
And water my lowly bed with affection's gentle tear;
Pause by the heartless stone, by the marble cold and chill,
And think of the heart below, as the marble, cold and still.

Come in the Summer's prime, at the close of the busy day,
When the love-tuned wild-wood birds warble their vesper lay;
Kneel at my grassy couch, whisper to Heaven a prayer,
And the spirit of her you love will hover around you there.

Come when the Autumn leaves are withered, faded, and sere,
When the moaning November breeze sighs over the dying year—
When the reaper's work is done and the harvests are gathered all,
And think of the reaper Death, who gathers the great and small.

Come when the Winter cold, on rushing and icy feet,
Has traveled around the earth in his frosted winding-sheet,
And has blasted the woods and fields in his journey of storm and strife,
And shown in the closing year an emblem of human life.

Come in the budding Spring, when Nature is fresh and gay,
When the petals of early flowers are bright with the dews of May;
And think of that heavenly Spring, the Spring of eternal bloom,
When the loved shall meet together beyond the night of the tomb.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

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OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

THE foreign educational journals are of late much engaged in the discussion of the condition of the host of young women, from Switzerland and Germany, who go to England as governesses. It is said that there are about thirty thousand of these persons now scattered throughout England, and in many cases their lot is a terrible one. The struggle for existence is so desperate among the daughters of the middle classes, and especially among those of the military and civil officers of the Government, that many of them are absolutely forced to do something for a living, especially when bereft of parents or protectors, and this something must be genteel to accord with their tastes and position in society. Such avenues at home are rare, comparatively; and then, among friends and acquaintances, it is so difficult to step down out of one's position, that hosts of these poor girls prefer to take their chances in a foreign land. Some are allured by the flattering opportunity of escaping from their narrow circles and seeing the world, with a view of enlarging their minds and spheres of action. To others the salary given to what are called "finishing governesses" is quite alluring, especially in contrast with the low scale of remuneration for female teachers and governesses on the Continent. In the best English families these governesses receive from three to five hundred dollars per annum in addition to their homes; but a great part of this money is often swallowed up in the outlay for dress required to appear respectable in such surroundings. If they can save half of their salary and invest it in England at six per cent, they are supremely happy, and, in a few years, comparatively above want; but this state is more often realized in day-dreams than in the banks.

A goodly number of young German and Swiss girls go annually to England as governesses, with a view to become competent in the English language, so that they may return to desirable posts at home, either in the schools or in the better families, as private teachers. Many of these are bitterly disappointed, from the fact that they, too, go thither in perfect ignorance of the elements of the language, and are called professionally to associate with those who do not desire them to know any English, to the end that all their conversation may be in a foreign tongue, for the benefit of the children under their care, or the family at large. Thus they continually meet with antagonisms in those very efforts on which they counted for personal profit. These foreign governesses, as a body, fall into three classes in England, according to their capacity and good fortune. Most of English girls of the better classes are educated altogether at home through their entire course of study — boarding-schools like our own are neither popular nor any too respectable. The result is a need for "nursery governesses" for the children until they are nine or ten years of age, when they pass until their fourteenth year into the hands of the "day governess." In these departments, French, Swiss, and German girls are desirable that the children may learn the language "naturally," as it is termed; that is, solely by intercourse with their teachers, who are in many instances but little better or little more than nurses. The lot of these is frequently very bitter, because of the absolute necessity of yielding to the caprices and tyranny of all the members of the family, from young to old; and the position of such girls in the households of England is quite subordinate and humiliating — they are

neither fish nor flesh, and associate neither with the family nor the servants; the nursery, with all its labor and annoyances, is their only home and retreat. The finishing governess takes charge of the young ladies from their fourteenth year until they are ready to "come out," and thus, with good luck, may have a refined and acceptable occupation; but even these are subjected to so many caprices from the parents, and are liable to so many complications from members of the household, or those who visit the family, that the poor girl is fortunate indeed who finds her place a bed of roses. Her path is too often thorny and tortuous, and not one in a dozen of those who leave their homes with a view of bettering their condition, actually do so, and the final history of the greatest number winds up in grief and failure.

As the Easter holidays approach, about which period our readers will be perusing these lines, all of youthful Germany will be in a state of excitement in the preparation for "confirmation," not only in the Catholic, but also in the Protestant Churches; for the custom is universal among Christians. And just herein we find our own trouble in regard to the matter. This very universality makes it just what it is—very little more in most cases than mere form and ceremony—because all children are baptized in the Church very shortly after birth, and, about the fifteenth year, enter into "full connection" through the process of "confirmation." As we have looked upon these very interesting and festive ceremonies, the question has frequently arisen in our own mind as to the sum and substance of vital religion required to give them life; and we have decided that it is lamentably small. The beautiful blooming girls and the gallant lads around the altar, surrounded by their parents, relatives, and friends, form a company full of interest. The whole scene is very beautiful, but it is not solemn; and the impression that it makes on the young candidates—not converts—is certainly very fleeting. It would seem that they are more proud of passing out of childhood than of any other fact, and look on this religious ceremony as the path to this end. And then it is marvelous how little solemnity there is in regard to the

matter even in the minds of mothers. One will say, "I must have my daughter confirmed, although she is a little backward in her studies, and still childish in her nature; but she is old enough, and is ashamed to be behind her playmates." In short, it is the same argument as that for putting on long dresses, and is pressed in the household in the same way. Another mother argues: "My daughter is only thirteen years old, it is true; but she is so large that I can hardly let her wait any longer." When such unreasonable views fill the hearts of mothers, it is not wonderful that the daughters have so little appreciation of the importance of the act. This abuse has grown so alarmingly of late that the teachers of the advanced classes in the schools are complaining of its interference with their finishing work. With great trouble and care they have trained their pupils to industry, order, and interest in their studies, and brought them to the goal of their elementary school-days. But in the last year, comes this preparation for confirmation, when, at a single blow, the result of many years' labor is weakened or destroyed. Instead of the earnestness of the event announcing itself in the closer attention to school duties, the very opposite takes place. Many branches of study are neglected, with a view to taking special religious instruction in preparation for a catechetical examination; and the teacher has the greatest trouble to keep his pupils to their ordinary tasks. The minds of the pupils are engaged with the dress preparations for the occasion, as if it were a great party, and the most trivial and insignificant things occupy the attention.

Now, this all occurs under the fiction that the girl is mature in the matter of science and religion, while the absorbing character of the ceremony and the occasion prevent, to a certain extent, this very thing. The idea that girls of fifteen years of age should, as a matter of course, be prepared for such a transformation, and introduction to the Church, as a free act, dependent on their own knowledge and conviction, is simply absurd, and we are glad to see that many of the Germans are beginning to regard it as such. In a moral and religious point of view, the custom is a great abuse, at least from our stand-point. It shortens the period

of school-days in an arbitrary way; it imposes upon poor parents an amount of expense in what is called an outfit of dress, which they are not able to meet; and it tempts the rich to a public display of vanity in apparel that ill befits a solemn, religious occasion. Therefore, there is an effort at present, on the part of the best educators of the country, to delay the ceremony of confirmation to a later period, when the girls shall have finished their educational course at school, and reached the riper age of eighteen or twenty; when they ought to be in a much better condition to appreciate the solemnity of the act, and not regard it as one considers a "coming out" in fashionable society. It is to be hoped that this most sensible appeal from those who have charge of the important years of childhood will not be disregarded by parents.

A YOUNG lady by the name of Simonowitch—Russian, of course—studied medicine for some time in Zurich, and recently graduated in Berne, Switzerland, with the highest honor. She is the first lady who has taken the medical doctorate at Berne, and the affair caused, therefore, considerable talk. This fact will make Switzerland a favorite objective point for women who wish to complete a higher course of professional study. And just here let us say that the Swiss schools for young ladies in general studies are perhaps the best in the world. We would much rather send a daughter to French Switzerland than to France, even for the French language itself, which is spoken with great purity in Geneva. The famous old University of Göttingen, in Germany, has also just tried its hand at granting a doctorate to a lady, though not for the first time. Among the busts that adorn the historical hall of the library, one of the most beautiful is that of Doctor Dorothea Schläzer, who, in times gone by, acquired the doctorate after a thorough examination. In face of such a precedent from the fathers, the University could hardly reject the application for graduation from another lady; and, therefore, a few months ago, Sophia Kowalewsky, from Moscow, applied to the Philosophical Faculty for examination in mathematics, of which she showed a rare knowledge, and in addition to which she

presented a thesis on partial and differential equations. Her whole work was very satisfactory, and she took the degree of master of liberal arts and doctor of philosophy.

WE are pleased to notice increasing efforts on the part of German ladies to provide the poor of their sex with the means of earning a satisfactory and honorable living. A band of noble women have founded an association for the advancement of female industry, and have sent lithograph letters to thousands with the invitation to join them and co-operate in a plan which is fully laid down in a prospectus. The German Empress stands at the head of the list, and the Crown-Princess follows, so that the enterprise presents itself to the world supported by noble godmothers. Besides, there are many ladies of rank who seem waking up to the fact that it is high time to take effective measures to relieve the necessities of working-women, and provide for them fitting spheres in which to support themselves. The post-office and telegraph departments of the Government are now commencing to employ them, and their labor in this field is likely greatly to increase. But we are most pleased to see the growing interest taken in the question of employing women in the public-schools. In this matter, they are learning from us; and we see some very eulogistic notices of our work made, on the bases of certain annual reports by the Educational Boards of certain cities. They acknowledge that the system is a perfect success with us, and therefore are quite inclined to try it. It is not a little gratifying that the land of schools and the nation of teachers find something good coming out of our Nazareth.

THE temperance movement is spreading rapidly in Russia. In the district of Mohilev, it is stated that no less than forty-eight communes have resolved to require that the liquor-sellers shall sell no more liquor to any customer than they are sure he can bear without inebriety; and, on the principle of the "civil damage" legislation, they are held responsible for any excess. No customer is allowed to seek an evening's, or even half an hour's, social entertainment in the liquor-saloon; he must drink and go. Nor can he drink on credit.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

THE Sixteenth Amendment, which has been supposed by our masculine friends to be the particular pet only of old-maids, maiden ladies, and mis-mated wives, will doubtless be regarded with more favor, now that "the prettiest and winsomest ladies" of a certain Western city have been exerting for its passage "so fascinating an influence as is hard to withstand." Having first decked the voting places with evergreens, flags, and pictures, they formed in double file at each ward, and presented to every male voter a ballot, reading: "Woman Suffrage—Yes;" accompanying the ballot with, "Please, sir, vote this ticket for us." Let Miss Anthony take heart, even though our brethren of the secular press have condescended of late to ridicule even the bonnet she wears—albeit they have been scolding the women for the last decade for not wearing bonnets—for since the days when Delilah, with sweet words and loving smiles, vexed the soul of Samson unto death, in order to find the secret of his great strength, one pretty woman with cajolery upon her tongue has been able to accomplish greater wonders than a score of ugly women with plain truths upon their lips.

—Great reforms move slowly. The abolition of slavery in our country was not effected till the subject had been agitated for more than a score of years. Hence, dress reformers, crusaders, and extreme advocates of woman's rights, should not be easily discouraged at the little accomplished, but look rather at the progress made. Fashion still exerts too strong an influence over the feminine mind for dress reform to meet with much favor; but the effect of the Women's Temperance Movement of 1874 will be felt for years to come. Two hundred and fifty Western towns have been freed from rum-selling establishments; nearly one thousand rum-sellers have given up their business, and professed their faith in Christ; and twenty-five hundred dram-shops have been closed. Fifteen millions of dollars less of revenue from rum-sellers have been paid into the Government coffers than during the same length of time in other years. All honor to the Presi-

dent, who, when told of it, said: "Very well; put the tax on something else." Women all over the country are discouraging the use of intoxicating drinks on festive occasions; saloon keepers and owners are being sued for damages by long-suffering wives; and civil suits for the violation of the excise laws have of late been commenced by Women's Temperance Unions. Moral suasion having proved a failure, instances are constantly being given by the press, of wives resorting to such desperate measures with their besotted husbands as marching them off to the police station, and having them cared for, or of making them prisoners in their own house until promise of better behavior.

—Thirty years ago, a woman had only a pauper's right; namely, the right to be maintained. The product of hands and of brains belonged to her husband; her children were not hers; the property she had was not hers; she could not make a will or a contract, nor give a deed of the land she owned. Now, she can legally buy and sell, earn and own, will, deed, and contract; can be guardian of her children; can vote in Utah and Wyoming; is eligible for office on school boards in several States; and is not necessarily required to promise to "obey," at the altar. The last Legislature of Massachusetts passed a law under which a wife can go into business on her own account, and can force her husband to support her, no matter how much money she may make, or how poor her husband may be. Michigan cast 39,805 votes for female suffrage, in connection with the vote upon the proposed new Constitution.

—Several hundred female *employees* of the printing-bureau of the Treasury Department were discharged on Christmas-day, which will bring misery and destitution to hundreds who had anticipated employment through the Winter. The increasing liberality of the age does not, as of yore, restrict the labor of fair hands to one or two avocations; but gives Anna Dickinson, as lecturer, in Music Hall, Boston, an audience larger than had listened to any speaker preceding

her this season; finds a place in a marble-yard for the labor of a mother (in supporting her fatherless children) whose only apprenticeship at the business was in working a marble slab to the memory of her husband; makes Mrs. Sally Reid engrossing clerk in the Legislature of Arkansas; sets many a Southern girl to assisting her father and brothers in sowing grain and picking cotton; allows a Saginaw woman to drive wood to market, and saw it for customers, in support of a sick husband and four children; gives Vinnie Ream the commission to execute a marble statue of Admiral Farragut; and helps a Mississippi orphan to raise, with the assistance of a little brother and sister, eight bales of cotton, and plenty of corn and potatoes for her little family and team.

—The Ladies' and Pastors' Christian Union have issued an Annual Report, by which it seems that their special field of labor is being carefully cultivated.

—Boston has elected six women as members of the school committee; and the Providence school committee has chosen a woman for secretary.

—A recent reduction of one-third in the wages of the female *employees* in the manufactory of the New Jersey Rubber Company caused a strike of one hundred women.

—America should not be behind the Friendly Islands, which allow Queen Charlotte to be a Methodist class-leader; behind Japan, which has just recognized woman's right to be a party to a marriage contract; or behind Germany, which grants the degree of doctor of philosophy to a young lady.

—Dr. Emma Kendrick, a graduate of Philadelphia Medical College, and Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, of Boston, have both recently died. Dr. Hunt was one of the earliest female practitioners and advocates of woman's rights in the city. Her taxes had long been paid under protest that she was not represented.

—The Misses Brittain, Marston, Kimball, and Woodward have sailed from New York for Calcutta, under the care of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America. The Quarterly Report of the Cincinnati Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society

speaks favorably of the organization of new auxiliaries and of the addition of life members, as well as of the work accomplished in foreign lands.

—The Annual Report of the Girls' Reform School, at Columbus, Ohio, shows that the institution is in a prosperous condition. The girls are required to do house-work, make their own clothing, manufacture articles for the market, and are taught the elementary branches of education. The Hannah Neil Mission, of the same city, has ladies for its officers and its Board of Directors. Evening schools for girls have been opened in several towns in Rhode Island.

—Clergymen afflicted with the ministerial sore throat, or who have the European fever at the expense of their parishioners, would do well to keep the salary in the family by imitating the example of Rev. Mr. Crosby, of Illinois, who, lately, being ill on Sunday, besought the aid of his wife. Like a true helpmeet, Mrs. Crosby came to the rescue with two excellent sermons. The prediction of the prophet Joel, that "both your sons and your daughters shall prophesy," seems to be in process of fulfillment in our day. Ordinances, canons, and disciplines will have to be modified in accordance with the spirit of the age; for the discussion no longer turns upon a woman's fitness, piety, or ability—these having long since been conceded—but simply on the question, Shall she be allowed to preach? Mrs. Van Cott and Mrs. Collins have been licensed and are candidates for orders, when orders can be obtained; while Miss Young, Mrs. Willing, Mrs. Lowry, Mrs. Boardman, and Miss Drake, like Mrs. Palmer, will perform evangelist work without seeking license or orders. Even so conservative a body as the Protestant Episcopal Church has of late admitted the twelfth lady to the order of deaconess. The experiment was made two years ago, in the diocese of Long Island, and has proved satisfactory. The candidates must be either widows or unmarried women. On the recent occasion of ordination, Bishop Littlejohn spoke of the order as existing in the early days of the Church, and said it was not a sphere in which woman's ambition could be gratified; but a field for beneficent and quiet work among the sick.

ART NOTES.

FERGUSON, in his work, "History of the Modern Styles of Architecture," makes use of this sweeping language: "It is perhaps not too much to say that no perfectly truthful architectural building has been erected in Europe since the Reformation. In modern designs there is always an effort either to reproduce the style of some foreign country, or that of some bygone age; frequently both. . . . Besides the loss of intellectual value, the art [architecture] has thus lost all ethnographic signification." These pungent words, and like expressions throughout this history, have greatly influenced thoughtful Englishmen (and some Americans) to inquire into the remedy for this great evil. Some have suggested this, others another, stimulus of originality. A thoughtful writer in a recent number of the London *Quarterly* attempts to show that the hope of English architecture, and the method of bringing back a measure of originality, will be the recognition of the existence and influence of the *master-workman*. Whenever art has been true, original, and great, *the workman was the master*. Therefore, to restrict the exercise of his imagination in his work is a fraud on human nature, and injurious to all men. Nothing can be more dangerous and prejudicial to the State than the neglect of the imaginative power among men. If the imagination is not thus developed, the working-men will, as they become instructed, become also increasingly obnoxious and depraved, and vulgar knowingness and vain impatient levity will be the ruling characteristics of the people. Art is not to be attained by dilettante schemes or fanciful designs; or by a vain expenditure of wealth; or even by some recondite researches in the path of knowledge. Art is the noble end of study and laborious work; the glory and reward of honest, thoughtful, self-devoted handicraft. Art, when a reality, indicates something impressive and sublime. It stamps a man with a divine seal, setting him before us as invariably impelled to do a divine thing. Work is not to him a profession, but a vocation. It is not something that he chooses for himself, but for which he is chosen; which he does not advance to

because he will, but because he must. The man is not at liberty to decline the call. Such was the master-workman of the past, whose free imaginative power has ever been the life of art; and, in like manner, the emancipated workman, gloriously impelled, must always be, as he is, the only real hope of architecture.

—The commissioners who have charge of the arrangements for the Centennial Exhibition have published somewhat definite details of the buildings to be erected at Fairmount Park. There are to be five structures, the Main Building, the Art Gallery, and the Machinery, Agricultural, and Horticultural Halls. The main building is to be 1880 feet long and 464 feet wide, covering over twenty acres of space. The whole will consist of one story only, saving a gallery in the projections and towers, by which about one and a half acres additional space will be secured. The art gallery is intended to be the best and handsomest yet erected on the continent for similar purposes. It is to be constructed of granite, glass, and iron—thoroughly fire-proof. Its dimensions are 365 feet long, 210 feet broad, and 72 feet high, with a dome, surmounted by a figure of Columbia, rising to 150 feet from the ground. The arrangements for lighting are of the most perfect character. The center hall and galleries will have a capacity for holding eight thousand persons—nearly twice the dimensions of any hall in this country. Should these buildings be finished in accordance with the plans and specifications, our country will not need to be ashamed of the arrangements for the Grand Centennial Exhibition, and, in the buildings themselves, we shall show a wonderful stride in advance in respect to architecture.

—F. B. Patterson, of New York, has done a good work for Americans in publishing a neat folio of thirteen photographs of some of the best sketches of the German artist Hendschel. Hendschel is regarded one of the most spirited designers of the modern German school. His reputation in Europe is most excellent, and these photographs

introduce us to some of his most charming sketches, as well as give a capital picture of the artist himself.

—The recent discovery, just beyond the old city-wall toward Piræus, Athens, of a large and beautifully wrought sarcophagus, has caused considerable excitement among the archæologists. This sarcophagus is nine feet long, four broad, and six deep, shaped like an empty sofa, or couch, with a large flat pillow, with tassel, lying on a luxurious-looking mattress; the whole supported by four massive legs, which terminate in lion's feet. The whole sarcophagus, composed of two enormous blocks of purest Pentelic marble, is in the highest style of art, and in the most perfect state of preservation. On removing the slab, there were found a male and a female skeleton, nearly perfect; also several very interesting gold ornaments, and a coin with the inscription, "Hadrian August." This serves tolerably to fix the date of this art-work.

—Should we not have fewer dabblers in art and more thorough work done if the following truths were conscientiously heeded? "Painting is, after all, but a language with more vivid and beautiful vocables than ordinary speech. Mastery in painting can no more constitute a man a great artist than mastery in grammar can constitute a man a great author. This is an elementary truth, yet people are constantly forgetting it; and even Mr. Ruskin, who, within the first twenty pages he ever gave to the world on art, laid it down with exquisite lucidity and precision, and who has never in terms abandoned it, has talked in successive books, more and more as a drawing-master, and less and less as an art-critic. The fact is, that generally, perhaps invariably, consummate power of hand in painting has been the pledge, and therefore might be made the test, of higher power. Between the touch of Titian and of Holbein, of Gainsborough and of Turner, and the feeling, imaginative, invention of those painters, there has been a connection. But is it not true, also, that there is a connection—a pre-established and absolute harmony—between Shakespeare's language and Shakespeare's thought? Yet do we not recognize a distinction, a deep and just distinction, between mere gram-

matical criticism of his dramas—mere discussions of his spelling, punctuation, and words—and criticism of his ideas, his characters, and the general articulation and modulation of his mighty works? 'Commas and points they set exactly right,' says Pope of the grammatical critic. Goethe did not concern himself with Shakespeare's commas and points; many could have spoken of these things better than he; but he was a better Shakespearean critic than any of the ninety and nine grammatical pedants who have left their names on the walls of Shakespeare's palaces. The studies of good painters—their exercises in the grammar of their art—are so difficult to execute and so interesting to look at, that critics constantly talk as if studies could be works of art. The principle of the distinction is simple. A drawing or a painting becomes a work of art in proportion as the spirit of a man is breathed into it—in proportion as it is charged with feeling, thought, or imagination. The stamp of humanity may be slightly impressed; it may, in landscape-art, be little more than choice of subject, with the faintest irradiation of feeling; but the image and superscription of man every work of art must wear."

—We feel constrained again to call attention to the attempts of Osgood & Co., of Boston, to bring within the reach of students of limited means, materials for the study of the works of the old masters. This house some time since published selections from the "Gray Collection of Engravings," of Harvard College, of Frescoes after Parmegiano and Correggio. They now present to the public a second equally valuable contribution under the title, "A Series of Studies, designed and engraved after Five Paintings by Raphael. With Historical and Critical Notes, by Émeric David." The Heliotype process is here again used, as in the other series. While, of course, this process can not reproduce the clearness, harmony, and depth of an engraving, and while it can at most give the thought, composition, and general form of an artist's work, even these are invaluable to those who are prevented from purchasing the more expensive works, that can only find a place in the homes of the opulent.

—W. H. Rinehart, the American sculptor, who died in Rome in October last, was buried in Baltimore in January. His death is a serious loss to American art.

—Miss Mathilde E. Toedt, of Brooklyn, the accomplished young violinist, who is studying at the Brussels Conservatory, has had a genuine triumph. The competitive examination of her class—embracing thirty pupils, all males except herself—resulted in giving her the first position in the first class.

—We have formerly noticed the death of Fortuny, the leading Spanish painter. His loss is more and more deeply felt, since he gave rich promise of still grander achievements in his profession. But he, like Raphael, at the early age of thirty-six, had secured a well-earned immortality. His funeral was held from the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, in Rome, and was attended by a throng of artists, and many of the most eminent clergy.

—The art collectors and archaeologists have had so many experiences of the "Katie King" order, that they are sometimes provoked to believe that the world is all a *sham*—"a fleeting show for man's delusion given." So skillful and shameless have become the relic-makers that even adepts are often deceived. We might be prepared to believe Irving's statement that enough wood of the true cross to make a seventy-four gun ship has been sold to ignorant, credulous, religionists; but that modern *savants* should be so frequently imposed upon by bogus relics seems truly wonderful. But what most provokes a smile are the grave discussions of a German Orientalist on the "Cardiff Giant," after the most positive proofs of the manufacture of this happy fraud have been afforded. To read the learned speculations about this "Phœnician Adonis" makes us chary to accept the results of this *a priori* method of historic and archaeological examination. We are glad, however, to note a reaction against this credulity that is setting in in some quarters. The De Cesnola collection has not been accepted without serious question; and the genuineness of the Moabite pottery has been established only after the most searching criticism and exhaustive comparisons. This is a most hopeful sign, since it is self-evident that the value

of these as indices of a former civilization must depend absolutely on their genuineness, otherwise they are of no more consequence than fragments picked up near a modern pottery. We predict that the result of some methods now practiced will be to make space in some departments of our great museums.

—Some quite extended love of good art, or fondness to be *believed* admirers of good art, must exist to warrant the outlay involved in the production of an English edition of the illustrations of the New Testament from Bida's designs. The original French publication, by Hachette & Co., was the result of twenty years of most persevering and expensive toil. Nothing seemed to have been spared to make the work all that capital and skill could produce. The original edition seemed absolutely perfect, so far as the mechanical execution was concerned. Unfortunately, few French artists have possessed the exact qualifications requisite to illustrate much of the Biblical text. There seem to be scenes whose depth and significance could never be sounded by the average French illustrator. While there is ever care, and generally truthfulness, in the reproduction of the scenery of Palestine, and while there is sometimes an admirable portraiture of character and scenes, there is too frequently manifest an indulgence in a semi-dramatic treatment that tends only to belittle and degrade the most sacred subjects. In Biblical illustration the German artists have usually far surpassed the French. The English edition seems to fall not a whit behind the French in all essentials of grand illustration.

—The largest mosaic painting of modern times, is now being executed at the famous establishment of Salviati in Venice. It is designed by Professor Werner, of Berlin, and is composed of four harmoniously arranged divisions, representing "The Call to Arms," in the late contest between Germany and France; "The Impetuous Charge" of the German forces; "Victory;" and "Bavaria handing the Crown to Emperor William." The whole work will be eighty-two feet long and eighteen feet high. It will adorn the arcade around the "Column of Victory" in Berlin. The work contains many portraits of characters prominent in the late war.

CURRENT HISTORY.

DURING the month of December, 1874, Spanish affairs took quite a remarkable turn. On the 12th, Marshal Serrano was gazetted as Generalissimo of all the armies of Spain. Only a few days elapsed, and Alfonso, Prince of Asturias, is offered the crown, at the hands of the Spanish grandes. On the 30th, just ten days later, Alfonso is proclaimed king, and he accepts the honor. January 1, 1875, Gen. Dorregaray laid down his arms, and a number of prominent Carlist leaders followed his example, for the purpose of supporting Alfonso. January 2d, a Spanish frigate was dispatched to Marseilles to convey the new king to the capital of his kingdom. Such is the manner in which the Spanish make history.

—The following is the record from South America: December 5th, a revolutionary outbreak at Cajamarca, Peru, was quelled after twenty-three persons were killed and forty wounded. December 12th, the insurrection in the Argentine Republic was brought to a conclusion, and the Government issued a proclamation granting amnesty to all political offenders. December 22d, advices were received from Venezuela, dated on the 8th instant, stating that a desperate battle was fought in Barguisimento, between the Government troops, under General Margues, and the insurgents, under General Colina. The engagement lasted eighty-four hours. Between 700 and 800 men were killed and wounded. Both sides claim victory. December 30th, advices from Peru state that the Government troops, after two days' fighting, forced Pierola, leader of the revolutionists, to abandon his stronghold, on the heights of Torato. Pierola and his principal officers escaped into Bolivia.

—The Pacific mail steamship, *Japan*, was burned at sea, sixty miles from Yokohama, and only twelve miles from land, on Thursday, December 17th. She had on board three cabin passengers, 424 Chinese in the steerage, and \$375,000 in treasure, and 973 tons of freight. The captain and crew, with fifty Chinese, escaped in boats. About 400 lives were lost.

—The suppression of the religious order of Sisters of Charity was decreed by the Mexican Congress, by a vote of 113 to 57, December 9th.

—The combined armies of the partially independent native rulers in India number 315,000 men and 5,300 guns—a formidable power if united in opposition to British rule.

—Since the famine set in, in Asia Minor, 50,000 persons have migrated from various parts of the country to the city of Adana, fully half of whom have since succumbed to disease.

—Advices, dated Rome, January 2d, state that Garibaldi has written a letter declining the national grant for his relief, because of the condition of Italian finances. He expressed his gratitude to Parliament.

—Observations of the transit of Venus, on December 8th, were successful at Hobart-town, Tasmania; Nagasaki, Japan; Teheran, Persia; Yokohama; Mokattan Heights, Suez, and Thebes, Egypt; and partially so at a few other points. The observations were, however, unsuccessful at Ormsk, Orenburg, Kasan, Uralsk, Astrachan, Merth, and Tiflis.

—News reached the advanced posts of the Russian army, December 12th, in Central Asia, of the safe arrival in Khorasan of the first Russian trading caravan which ever penetrated that country. The reports from the caravan complain of hostile agitation among the native tribes, caused by the intrigues and instigations of British agents.

—Her Majesty's ship, *Basilisk*, returned to England, December 25th, after a commission of nearly four years, and brings word that a large archipelago has been discovered in the neighborhood of New Guinea; and that two mountains in this region, each about 11,000 feet high, have been named Mount Gladstone and Mount Disraeli.

—Seven hundred letters by Michael Angelo, and fourteen hundred addressed to him by distinguished personages of his time, have just been published in Florence.

— Westminster Abbey has been protected against fire, at a cost of about \$10,000, by the placing of a tank in one of the towers, which will contain 6,000 gallons of water, and is to be kept always charged.

— The Mikado gave a breakfast, on the 22d of September, to all the foreign diplomats, at his own residence. This was the first entertainment at which the sovereign has freely mingled with foreign guests, and received them at his table.

— The library of the British Museum purchased no less than 3,415 manuscripts last year. Among them was a curious treatise in French, on the holy sacrament, composed by King Edward VI of England in 1549, and written in his own hand.

— It has frequently been stated that the Ashantee war cost nearly nine millions sterling. The actual cost is announced to have been about seventeen hundred thousand pounds, an amount yet to be reduced by a valuation of a large quantity of returned stores.

— The sacred Ganges has at last been spanned by a bridge, much to the horror of the devout Brahmins, who confidently predict that the structure can not stand. The span is across the Hoogly, one of the deltoid mouths of the Ganges, which is regarded by the Hindoos as the true course of the sacred river, and which is the only channel now frequented by large ships.

— The Russian Government has determined to try the experiment of "compulsory education," in the case of children between eight and twelve years of age, in the city of St. Petersburg. There are 28,000 of these children, and 15,000 of those at present receive no instruction whatever.

— At least 1,500 native women, principally of the middle class, in and around Calcutta, India, are being educated at their own homes. The expense is met by a Government grant. It is estimated that for the past ten years, 2,500 women have been constantly under instruction at their own homes in that part of India.

— The Rev. William R. Nicholson, D. D., formerly of Newark, New Jersey, who recently withdrew from the Protestant Episcopal Church, and connected himself with the

Reformed Episcopalians, has been formally deposed from the ministry of the former Church by the Right Rev. Bishop Smith, according to the provisions of Can. 5, Tit. ii., of the digest.

— Among the works which are progressing favorably at the Observatory at Paris is the determination of the velocity of light, by MM. Fizeau and Cornu.

— The English expedition in Africa, under Lieutenant Cameron, is proving most successful. Letters to May 16th have been received from it. The party were all well. They had circumnavigated the Tanganyika Lake, and found the effluent south of Speke's Islands, which the natives reported to be the Congo, identical with Livingstone's Lu-alaba. Mr. Cameron hopes to reach Jellala Falls and Loanda.

— Some interesting statistics are given of the National Library of Paris. During the last five months it has received 31,101 copies of books, papers, etc., from Paris alone; of these, only 1,200 were retained, the rest being sent to the paper-mill. If the wood-work of the book-shelves were placed end to end it would reach from Paris to Naples. The Library contains 2,075,871 volumes, 200,000 manuscripts, 8,000 maps, and 120,000 pamphlets. The reading-room is visited monthly by 4,300 readers; and the inner alcove, which is devoted to men of letters, by 1,150.

— The following is the extent of the territory governed by our royal visitor from the Pacific: The Sandwich Islands are twelve in number, comprising in all a little over 6,000 square miles—about the size of Connecticut and Rhode Island. Two-thirds of this area belongs to the island of Hawaii, although Oahu is better known generally from its containing Honolulu, the capital city, which has about 16,000 inhabitants. The population of the whole group in 1872 was 56,897. It appears by the last census of the inhabitants that there were 49,044 persons of the pure native race, 2,485 of mixed origin, 1,938 Chinese, 889 Americans, 619 English, and the remainder hailed from other European countries. The twentieth degree of north latitude runs through the group, so that they are in the same latitude as Cuba.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

COLLOQUIAL PROVINCIALISMS.—We once heard an intelligent gentleman assert that he could generally tell where a person had been born and brought up, upon listening to his or her conversation for half an hour. "There are very few individuals, however well educated," he said, in explanation of his theory, "who do not retain, in their ordinary conversation, some colloquialisms or peculiarities of pronunciation indigenous to the locality where they first learned to talk. A Virginian could be distinguished," he continued, "by one kind of intonation, a New Englander by another, and a Philadelphian by a third. A phrase would frequently betray whether the speaker came from the North or South, the Atlantic sea-board or the West. Words which had been, two centuries ago, good English, and which had been brought over at that time by colonists, had, in some sections, retained their meaning, and in others become obsolete; and the use of such words, or the substitution of more modern synonyms, betrayed the domicile of those who employed them. Even thorough masters of the English tongue, who, when they wrote, wrote with the greatest purity, fell often, in hurried talk, into the careless, slipshod style of their childhood, and deformed their conversation with colloquial provincialisms."

Every accurate observer will concede the truth of these remarks. New Yorkers have a fashion of using "dickering" for "bargaining;" the Yankee says "'cute" instead of "smart;" and in Georgia "do do n't" is often inelegantly substituted for "do not." Many a Virginia woman, in other respects perfectly well bred, says "tote" when she means "carry"—a habit acquired in youth from hearing the plantation negroes use the word. We know an excellent old lady, who has resided here for fifty years, who says "*bun-net*" for "bonnet," because she so learned to pronounce it when a child, in Boston. A Yankee says "hum" for "home," "heow" for "how." We might multiply examples. Improprieties of speech not belonging to any particular locality are as common. Even educated persons frequently

say "I set down," instead of "I sat down;" and the phrase "I have saw," instead of "I have seen," is actually heard. The most villainous barbarism is "I had went," which we believe is of exclusively Pennsylvania origin. "Let you and I go," is still a more ordinary mistake. "Learn your brother that lesson," instead of "teach your brother," is a phrase sometimes used even by cultivated people. "This fifty years," in place of "these fifty years," is a not unfrequent error. "Between you and I" is another colloquial error. We do not say that educated persons write in this way, but that often in conversation they talk thus. One who attends to such things will notice, even in the best companies, an astonishing number of similar blunders.

Generally, these mistakes are the fault of parents, though sometimes they are unavoidable. If a mother is uncultivated, if she uses slang words, or if she leaves her progeny to grow up among servants, the children will acquire numerous provincialisms or other improprieties of speech, which, in after life, they will find it difficult to shake off. We knew a brother and sister, once, who had different nurses, and whose mother, being in delicate health, saw comparatively little of them. One nurse was Irish, the other German; and to this day each child retains more or less of the peculiarities of its nurse's pronunciation. We knew another case, in which a boy had been brought up wholly by the mother, who, years ago, fell into the error, as the phrase goes, of "talking like a book;" and the result is, that the child has few, or none, of the idioms of the language, and, instead of speaking the racy Saxon, converses like a Johnson in petticoats. Too much care can not be taken, even in the nursery, to use pure English. There is, perhaps, no more certain method of telling whether a man or woman has been accustomed to cultivated society from infancy, than to listen to his or her every-day talk. Education, unless it begins with babyhood, can not, in general, teach persons to avoid colloquial provincialisms. — *Phil. Ledger.*

SHARP BIRDS.—Dr. Buchanan, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Calcutta, says: "I write this at the bottom of the lofty mountain called Cape Comorin, whose rocky head seems to overhang its base. The birds which build pendulous nests are very numerous. At night, each of their little habitations is lighted up, as if to see company. The sagacious bird fastens a bit of clay to the top of the nest, and picks up a fire-fly and sticks it upon the clay, to illuminate the dwelling, which consists of two rooms. Sometimes there are three or four flies, and the blaze of light in the little cell dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often kill the young of these birds.

A RARE COIN.—A great rarity in the shape of a coin is a silver one struck off at Breslau, in 1751. Among the persons employed at that time in the mint was an Austrian, who, out of hatred to Frederick the Great, of Prussia, who had taken possession of Silesia by right of conquest, conceived the idea of revenging himself on that monarch in the following manner: The motto on the coin, *Ein reichs thaler* (a crown of the kingdom), he divided in such a manner as to make it read, *Ein reich stahl er* (he stole a kingdom). The King ordered these insulting coins to be all melted down, but some few of them escaped the furnace, and are still in existence.

THE ENGLISH CLERGY IN THE OLDEN TIME.—There are well-known and often-quoted passages in Swift, Macaulay, Thackeray, and many other authors, about the position of clergymen in England one hundred and fifty years ago. A curious illustration occurs in one of the Winchelsea papers recently acquired by the British Museum, but not yet calendared or bound. A letter, dated the 3d of November, 1729, from Mr. John Wilkinson to a noble duke, or possibly to the archbishop, but the name does not come out, contains the following passage: "Howsoever some People may sink beneath their Characters by reporting Things entirely false and groundless, I can not say: but, my Lord, I could not be easy until I had solemnly assured your Grace that the late Earl of Winchelsea gave me the Presentations, in every Respect truly great and noble; and that a Wife was never whispered to me

till the day after my Lord's Death: then indeed my Lady Herself told me that Her maid Morfee was always intended to go along with the Livings, and that if I desired to make Her Ladysp. my Friend, I must not refuse the Offer; I own, my Lord, I was at first unable to give a direct answer, but recovering the surprise, I gave Her Ladysp. an absolute denial, upon which She in a Passion ordered me to withdraw, and I have never seen Her Ladysp. since." He goes on to explain that the livings had been five months vacant, and that Lord Winchelsea appointed him, just before his death, as a reward for his attendance; that no condition was ever mentioned; and that he was not the person first "pick'd upon." A certain John Wilkinson, M. A., is mentioned by Hasted as having been appointed Rector of Eastwell on the 26th of May, 1730. He resigned in 1733.

GENTLEMAN, LADY.—These words have been forced upon us until they have begun to be nauseous, by people who will not do me the honor of reading these articles; so that any plea here for man and woman would be in vain and out of place. But I will notice a very common misuse of the former which prevails in business correspondence, in which Mr. A. is addressed as sir, but the plural of A. B. & Co., as gentlemen. Now, the plural of sir is sirs; and if gentleman has any significance at all, it ought not to be made common and unclean by being applied to mere business purposes. As to the ado that is made about "Mr. Blank and lady," it seems to me quite superfluous. If it pleases any man to announce, on a hotel-book, that his wife, or any other woman who is traveling under his protection, is a lady, a perfect lady, let him do so in perfect quiet. This is a matter of taste and habit. The world is wide, and the freedom of this country has not quite yet deprived us of the right of choosing our associates, or of forming our own manners.
C. E. P.

PHONOGRAPHIC BLUNDER.—The late Dr. Bethune relates an amusing instance of a phonographic blunder. Reading, one morning, a report of one of his discourses of the day before, he found the text, "His enemy came and sowed tares," printed, "His enemy came and sawed trees."

SCIENTIFIC.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF COLORADO.—At the last semi-annual session of the American Academy of Sciences, held at Philadelphia, Professor Hayden read a paper giving the results of his geological survey of Colorado. He exhibited photographs of ruined cities and villages discovered by his party in the cañons leading into the Colorado River, and upon the plains in the vicinity, supposed to have been built more than a thousand years ago by the ancestors of the present Moquis Indians. The important fact established by these discoveries is, that there once existed, in what are now the arid plains and savage gorges of South-eastern Colorado, a race so far civilized that they built large cities, constructing their houses of well-hewn blocks of stone, with timber floors, well-formed windows and doorways, and smoothly plastered walls, and possessed the art of making pottery.

ENGLISH ARCTIC EXPLORATION.—At last we have authentic information that the British Government has decided to undertake an Arctic expedition to sail next Spring. The fact is thus announced by Mr. Disraeli to Sir Henry Rawlinson: "Her Majesty's Government have had under consideration the representations made by you on behalf of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, the Council of the Royal Society, the British Association, and other eminent scientific bodies, in favor of a renewed expedition, under conduct of Government, to explore the region of the North Pole; and I have the honor to inform you that, having carefully weighed the reasons set forth in support of such an expedition, the scientific advantages to be derived from it, its chances of success, as well as the importance of encouraging that spirit of maritime enterprise which has ever distinguished the English people, Her Majesty's Government have determined to lose no time in organizing a suitable expedition for the purposes in view." Steps have already been taken to carry this resolution into effect. Two steam whalers are to be fitted out under the superintendence of that tried explorer, Admiral M'Clintock. Captain A. H. Markham, who

went to Baffin's Bay last year, will probably occupy an important post in the expedition, the route of which will, of course, be Smith's Sound. Now, that the thing has been decided upon, there is no doubt that we may expect real work, if not, indeed, the solution of the Arctic mystery.

GEOLOGICAL.—A strange geological discovery was made a short time ago by some workmen engaged in laying water-pipes near Rideau Hall, on the grounds of the Governor-General of Canada. It is a stratum of fossil rock, several feet thick, containing the most accurate and beautiful petrified winged insects. There are some like butterflies, with the delicate fiber of the wings in a most perfect state of preservation. Several excellent specimens have been secured.

SINGULAR SUICIDE OF A SCORPION.—A correspondent of *Nature* describes a singular fact with reference to the common black scorpion of Southern India. "One morning a servant brought to me a very large specimen of this scorpion, which, having stayed out too long in its nocturnal rambles, had apparently got bewildered at day-break, and been unable to find its way home. To keep it safe, the creature was at once put into a glazed entomological case. Having a few leisure moments in the course of the forenoon, I thought I would see how my prisoner was getting on; and, to have a better view of it, the case was put in a window in the rays of a hot sun. The light and heat seemed to irritate it very much. And this recalled to my mind a story I had read somewhere, that a scorpion, on being surrounded by fire, had committed suicide. I hesitated about subjecting my pet to such a terrible ordeal; but taking a common botanical lens, I focused the rays of the sun on its back. The moment this was done, it began to run hurriedly about the case, hissing and spitting very fiercely. This experiment was repeated some four or five times with like results; but on trying it once again, the scorpion turned up its tail, and, quick as lightning, plunged the sting into its own back. The infliction of the wound was fol-

lowed by a sudden escape of fluid; and a friend standing by me called out: 'See, it has stung itself; it is dead!' And sure enough, in less than half a minute, life was extinct." This proves that animals may commit suicide, and, also, that the poison of certain animals may be destructive to themselves.

ASH OF COAL.—The ash of the better article of coals of the American Carboniferous age appears to be derived wholly from the plants which formed them. According to analyses by many chemists, made on lycopods, ferns, equisetæ, mosses, conifers, etc., there is in them an average quantity of silica and alumina, such that, if plants were converted into coal, it would amount to four per cent of the whole, and the whole ash would be four and three-quarters: Many analyses of bituminous coal show but three percent of ash, and four and a half is an average. Hence, it follows: First, that the whole of the impurity in the best coals may have been derived from plants. Second, the amount of ash in the plants was less than the average of modern species of the same tribes. Third, the winds and waters for long periods contributed almost no dust or detritus to the marshes. In that era of moist climate and universal forests, there was hardly any chance for the winds to gather dust or sand for transportation.

CHANGE OF COLOR IN FISHES.—The present French Government, two years since, sent M. G. Pouchet on a scientific mission to the laboratory of living animals at Concarneau. He applied himself to the study of the changes of color in fishes. In his report to the Government, he gives an account of the minute anatomy of the masses of pigment which are the seat of the colors displayed by fishes, reptiles, and batrachians, as well as some of the lower animals. These pigments are either liquid or solid, forming a granular mass. The cells in which they are contained, he calls *chromoblasts*. During life these cells are dilated; but in death they are contracted, thus producing the livid hue often seen in dead fishes. This change in color is due to the nervous system, of which the facts that the chromatic functions of the chameleon are arrested during sleep, and that the colors of

some fishes change when they are irritated, are proof. It sometimes happens that these changes of color are produced with extreme rapidity by the fish simply seeing some object which gives a shock to the brain. It is difficult to say whether this change of color is voluntary or not. The means of testing the action of the nervous system were to remove the eyes. When this was done, the fish became of a color intermediate between the dark hues it assumed when placed on a dark bottom, and on a lighter sandy bottom; and this tint remained without change. He proves that the great sympathetic nerve produces this color. The point of departure, then, of this power of change in color is the retina, the impressions on which, communicated to the brain, react in the pigment cells of the skin, and the nerves regulate the action by the great sympathetic. In this connection, it is interesting to record the latest discoveries concerning the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, made by Professor F. W. Putnam, of the Peabody Academy of Sciences, Salem, Massachusetts. In a recent exploration, he visited several caverns never before entered. His investigations have resulted in finding colored fish without eyes, exploding the theory hitherto held that all eyeless fish are colorless, and going to prove that it is really controlled by the great sympathetic nerve, at least in these fishes. White fish with eyes, and crawfish both with and without those organs, were obtained, presenting many new features of great interest to naturalists. A large variety of valuable archæological relics were found in the new chambers, such as skeletons of human beings, mounds, rude instruments, and the like.

THE POLYPTICTINATELLA MAGNIFICA.—This animal is by far the largest of all the known fresh-water ciliated polypts, and, indeed, is not surpassed by any of the known marine forms. It has not been determined whether the huge *Pectinatella* colonies start each from a single individual, or are the result of the confluence of a number of small colonies. On the approach of Winter, the colonies die, and undergo decomposition, in which process the remarkable Winter eggs, or statoblasts, are liberated.

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

THE SELFISH POPLAR.

"Get out of my way!"

"But I can't, you see. I grew here, and here's my place; and I've as good right to it as any body."

"Let me alone, then, and help yourself, and don't cling to me so! You'll make me as crooked as that ugly old oak over there. He has always had somebody clambering over him, ever since I came to the forest; and I heard him tell the fir-tree, one day, that that horrid crook in his back came of his lifting a grape-vine all Summer, when he was quite a little fellow. I'd rather die this minute than ever come to look like that."

So spoke a straight, handsome young poplar to a tender ivy of a few inches' growth, that was just beginning to wind itself about his trunk.

"But I won't hurt you," pleaded the poor, helpless ivy. "I won't make a crook in your back; I'm not heavy, am I? like the grape-vine; and you're not so very young, either. Indeed, I promise not to be a burden and hang heavy on you. Only give me leave to stand beside you, and cling just a little."

"I say I don't want you," answered the poplar, roughly, trembling all over with anger. "Take care of yourself, as I do, or bother somebody else, if you must. I've enough to do for myself, without helping every idle vagrant that chooses to seize hold of me,—so, hands off, I say."

"Tut, tut," said the towering white pine, who had heard it all, while the ivy shrank back, frightened, and would have fallen flat upon the ground, had not a friendly fern caught and upheld it.

"What a bad temper the handsome young fellow has, to be sure! Who'd think it?" whispered the ash to his nearest neighbor. "O, it's just like the whole family," answered the elm. "Selfish, every one of them, and proud of their beauty, putting on such airs, too, and flirting with every breeze that happens to come this way. They're a very light-minded set, I can tell you."

"O, for shame, poplar," spoke the tall fir,

whom every body looked up to and respected. "What are we trees good for but to be kind to one another, and to help and protect the weaker plants that grow in our shadow? Here we are, set as rulers in the wood, and beneath us are all the vines and ferns and mosses and pretty flowers; and the Good Master and Lord of us all, who made us to be and to grow, made us, too, to be kind and helpful, to give of our strength to the weak, to protect the fearful, to make room for the crowded, and to give place for the sunshine to the hungry and faint."

"Good, good!" said the great, blunt hickory, "I'd rather be that crooked old oak yonder, than the tallest, straightest poplar there is in this whole forest."

"Ah, every body loves the oak!" cried a generous maple, standing near.

"Yes, indeed; and I must say it's the first time I've ever heard the oak called 'ugly,'" said a pretty wild cherry, covered thick with blossoms. "Who ever stopped to think whether the oak were straight or crooked? An oak's an oak, and that's enough; but a crooked poplar! ah, that would be bad, indeed." And the lovely tree shook her head, and laughed, so that her white blossoms fell in a shower over a bed of ferns, so that the timid things thought, for a moment, that cruel Winter had come back again with his snow-storms; and the poor, fallen ivy began, too, to fear fresh troubles. But a friendly young birch, whom nobody had ever accused of putting on airs, had seen and heard all that had happened, and felt sorry for the innocent cause of all the commotion, so he said: "Here, little ivy, take hold of me," and he kindly bent a bough so that the ivy might reach it.

"Thank you, indeed," exclaimed the grateful ivy, taking heart again and seizing fast hold of the green bough, while the selfish young poplar was left quite to himself, as he had wished.

Just then the west wind, whom all the trees love, came into the wood. He kissed first the brow of the sympathetic birch; set a low, sweet tune for the white pine to sing;

greeted gaily the graceful ferns; gathered playfully some of the cherry-tree's sweet blossoms, and carried them to strew upon a bank of mosses; stirred all the branches of the great, good oak; set the ash whispering pretty secrets to his neighbor, the elm; and so on he went through the whole forest, saluting all the trees and plants, and making them all glad by his coming,—all except the selfish young poplar, who trembled and shook as if afraid,—afraid of the west wind! afraid of all the good and the generous,—alone in his vanity and pride and selfishness.

HOW INDIA-RUBBER WAS FOUND.

Is n't the rubber ball a funny fellow? He no sooner falls heavily to the ground than up he springs again into the air, in a way that is not so very easily imitated. He goes hand in hand with the child, like a true friend. He goes hop, skip, and jump, all his life long, till, tired and worn out at last with endless blows and tumbles, he makes one despairing spring, and finds in a gutter-spout, or some out-of-the-way corner, a safe resting-place for his old age.

The child generally makes first the acquaintance of the rubber ball as he, all ready and nimble, looks out at him from the gay window of the toy shop. But before he got there, a good deal had happened to him, and the child will surely be glad to learn something of the earlier life of his familiar play-fellow.

Upon an island belonging to far-off India, there was once a war, and soldiers fought and struggled with each other. On one side they shot with poisoned arrows; on the other, with muskets. These were Europeans. At one time, they could not subdue the native soldiers, because they were protected on one side by a thick wood: so a company of soldiers was ordered to press through this wood to surround the enemy, and attack them from behind. This was more easily said than done. The wood was indeed beautiful, cool, and shady, while outside of it the sun was shining intolerably hot; but the getting into it was by no means like going through our forests of oak, beech, and ash, with undergrowth of hazelnut bushes and wild cherry. In this forest, the space underneath the trees was closely interwoven with numberless clinging

growths and vines, some of which climbed from the ground to the branches; others fell like ropes and garlands down to the earth again; while still others braided themselves across from side to side, and in and out between the trees, knitting the whole into such a tangled web that it was quite impossible to force one's way through. So the soldiers drew their swords, and hewed for themselves a path, as they would through the ranks of the enemy itself. Among the growths which were so disagreeable in their way, was one especially troublesome—a twining shrub, which botanists have called the pitcher flower shrub (*Urceola*). Its winding trunk and branches were not thread-like and tender, like those of our beans, for instance, but as thick as a man's arm.

They seized hold of the tree trunks standing near, and coiled themselves about them like serpents around their prey. Whatever was not really strong and vigorous was pressed dead, and hung half-decayed and broken by the wind, still in their fatal embraces, or strewn upon the ground below. Upon the younger branches of this shrub grew oval-shaped, smooth-margined leaves, by twos, opposite one another; and at the end of the branch unfolded a cluster of numerous greenish flowers. These are not showy, but their pitcher-like form gave the name to the whole plant.

Into these great twining stems pressed with strong strokes the daggers of the soldiers, and out of them flowed a milky juice in thick drops, as if it were the blood of the wounded plant, and ran down upon the smooth, sharp blades. They hewed on still; but gradually their weapons grew dull, and finally would cut no more. The milky juice upon them had become a thick, sticky mass, which clung to them so obstinately that it could scarcely be removed. This elastic, gummy stuff, was nothing else than caoutchouc (India-rubber), out of which the child's ball is made. Many caoutchouc-trees (*Siphonia*) grow in America, from which great quantities of caoutchouc are obtained. A deep cut is made in the smooth trunk of the tree, and a little wooden wedge driven in to keep it open, while out of it flows the sap, white as milk. A great many different things, both useful and ornamental, are made out of caoutchouc.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

WHILE books of travel are so abundant, uniting, what it is so desirable and yet so difficult to unite, entertainment with instruction, there is no excuse for wasting time, especially for those who have but little time to waste, in the perusal of pure fiction. The *Remains of Lost Empires*, by P. V. N. Myers, A. M., conducts the reader through the enchanting Orient, among the ruins of Palmyra, Nineveh, Babylon, Persepolis, and other ancient and half-buried cities, with lively descriptions of the scenes and living populations of those regions, so full both of historic interest and of Oriental fable. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

GLADSTONE'S great pamphlet on the *Vatican Decrees and Civil Allegiance*, that made such a prodigious stir in Europe, bound up with the "Papal Syllabus" and Dr. Schaff's "History of the Vatican Council, with Latin and English Text,"—modern Papacy in a nutshell—can be bought or ordered for seventy-five cents, of any bookseller, and should be owned and read by every cleric and layman who wishes to be intelligently informed on the present attitude of the Roman controversy. (Harpers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co. and Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

It is pleasant to be able to furnish entertainment for mankind, pleasanter to impart useful information, pleasanter still to possess the rare power of combining the useful with the entertaining. Mr. Charles Nordhoff's busy pen, never idle, enlightens the world agreeably on a variety of useful topics. His *Communistic Societies in the United States* (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), will command attention by the fullness of its exhibit, the great pains and care he has been at to procure exact information, the cool, careful, and unimpassioned spirit in which he records his facts and opinions, and the large light that he sheds upon the subject of Communism generally. All classes of Communists will be thought the better of by the readers of Mr. Nordhoff's book. Even the Perfectionists of Oneida

will be found to be, not the carnal indulgers in unlicensed and promiscuous cohabitation they generally get credit for; but the conscientious, though mistaken, workers-out of a theory, a plan, unsanctioned by natural or revealed religion, for producing a better edition of the human race than that furnished by the ordinary mode of pairing individuals for life. Mr. Nordhoff thinks well of Communism; vastly better of it than he does of trade's-unions, those modern curses to human industry and advancement. Out of scores, perhaps hundreds, of efforts to establish communities, Mr. Nordhoff finds only eight in a condition so flourishing as to merit notice, while scores have been failures. If communities would not interfere with the family relation, and if they would aspire to higher cultivation as they become wealthy, they might, in the opinion of this dispassionate and unprejudiced author, become a useful and valuable form of human society. As it is, they are mostly stationary, if not on the decline.

HURST'S "History of Rationalism" gave its talented author a national reputation. His last work, *Life and Literature in the Fatherland* (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati), will add to that reputation. In his early days while yet in his teens and a student in college, young Hurst formed the design of completing his education in Germany. The mode in which he accomplished this plan, and how others may do the same, is told in this book. Later in life, he had the opportunity of returning to Germany and spending some years there in official position, so that he had rare facilities for acquiring the information so liberally and accurately spread before his readers in these pages. His pictures of life in Germany, his descriptions of the universities, his characterization of learned professors, his accurate delineation of their manners, lives, and philosophies, his facts about university education, its value and usefulness to American students, his memories of the Franco-Germanic War, and his excursions into the Tyrol, are all so

intensely interesting, that when we take up the volume, we do not lay it down till we have devoured its contents as we would a romance. The most of our information of European countries is either obtained at second hand from their own literature, or from the observations of transient travelers, who get only cursory views of the outside of things. Here are the recorded experiences of one thoroughly acquainted, by continuous residence and long study, with the life and literature of the people he essays to describe.

MRS. CATHERINE E. HURST made good use of her foreign residence to accumulate literary treasures, and add to our stores of knowledge. Her latest contribution to our information and entertainment is a fine history of *Queen Louisa of Prussia*; or, "Goodness in a Palace," from German Sources, with five illustrations. (Published by Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

DANIEL WISE's pen is as restless as that of Sir Walter Scott. Here we have for the edification of boys, *The Squire of Walton Hall*; or, Sketches and Incidents from the Life of Charles Waterton, the adventurous traveler and daring naturalist. Stories somewhat Munchausenish, if we may judge from the picture of a man astride an alligator in the frontispiece, and the account given of the mode of his capture in the body of the work. Still, boys, and men also, love tales of the marvelous, and hunters and travelers supply them in full tale. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

SIR SAMUEL BAKER's first expedition to the Nile and its affluents, of which he gave account in two previous volumes, resulted in a third, the story of which is told in *Ismailia*, just published in this country by the Harpers. His "Albert Nyanza," published in 1866, was followed by his "Nile Tributaries," of Abyssinia. On his return from the Upper Nile he was intrusted, by the Khedive of Egypt, with the command of an expedition to put an end to the slave-trade, of which the upper districts of the Nile, from Khartoum to Gondokoro, and beyond, were the theater. This volume is an account of the expedition and its results. Owing to the unpopularity of the measure

with the Egyptian officials, and the complicity of the Government with the slave-dealers and the slave-trade, the expedition was not so prolific of good results as might have been expected or desired. Baker laid his plans wisely, carried them out energetically, manifested any amount of that practical shrewdness called tact, on occasions, a presence of mind unfailing, and an invention that seemed endless in resources; yet, not being seconded by his patrons, and thwarted at all points by interested parties, he only partially succeeded in his mission. His wife accompanied him in his tours of exploration, and, in his warlike demonstrations, with tact and wit and courage and invention only second to his own; ready to fight, negotiate, advance, or retreat, as occasion required. The books of Baker are full of incident, and enchain the reader's attention from the beginning to the end. "*Ismailia*" is a splendid octavo of more than five hundred pages, with over sixty finely engraved and richly instructive illustrations. (Harpers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Scenes in Europe; or, Observations by an Amateur Artist. Loretta J. Post describes a voyage across the ocean, Killarney and its Lakes, Dublin and the Irish Channel, England and its Castles, Stratford-upon-Avon and Shakespeare's home, London and its treasures and vastness, St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, Scotland, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, France, and Europe generally. The descriptions are as lively as they are numerous, and the volume is both richly bound and richly illustrated. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati; Nelson & Phillips, New York.)

The Full Envelope; or, Gleanings for Youthful Readers. By Rev. Richard Donkersley. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) Dr. Vincent gives the compiler credit for great success in putting into one envelope some of the best of his gatherings, and expects the young readers to like the compiler's selections.

If any body wants a private prayer-book, he will find a good one ready-made to hand in *Helps to Prayer*, a manual prepared by Dr. Kidder, designed to aid Christian believers in acquiring the gift, and in maintaining the practice and spirit of prayer in

the closet, the family, the social gathering, and the public congregation. The volume is full of good reading and abundant food both for memory and reflection. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

THE reading of some men runs in familiar ruts, out of which they are afraid to trust themselves, and hence their views belong to the "narrow gauge" all their life-time. Other some like to read the record of experiences and beliefs that do not tally exactly with their own, and find both profit and enlargement of heart and betterment of life from contact with statements of doctrine with which they do not perfectly agree, and phases of experience unlike any with which they are acquainted. In *Grace for Grace*, letters of the Rev. William James (Dodd & Mead, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), a deceased Presbyterian minister, we have a Calvinist's views of sanctification, combined with earnest life-struggles after personal purity. Both for its peculiar statements of doctrine and its devout, earnest, and pious spirit, the book is worthy of perusal.

OUT of the slender material at command, Rev. J. F. Marlay, of the Cincinnati Conference, has woven an exceedingly interesting biography of our late "father in God," Bishop Morris. Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden (Nelson & Phillips, New York) have published Mr. Marlay's work in a bright-looking volume of four hundred pages, embellished with a portrait of the Bishop, and graced with an Introduction by Bishop Janes. Bishop Morris's official life, as preacher, editor, writer, bishop, has long been before the public. This work of Mr. Marlay traces his life from its beginnings, gives it unity, shows the beginnings of life tendencies, and the outcome of life purposes, founded on early adopted principles and early taken resolves. "The boy is father of the man," and man is the offspring of his early surroundings. Young Morris was well-born and well-bred, early gave himself to thought, morality, and religion. It is interesting to observe that he filled every office in the Church consecutively, class-leader, exhorter, preacher, bishop. He was made General Superintendent against his own wishes, and

in the face of own earnest remonstrances. At the end of the first quadrennium, he wrote a resignation, stating his conviction of his unfitness for the office—rather an unusual plea, and probably the last that will ever be urged in that line. He was born April 28, 1794, converted in February, 1813, received on trial in August of the same year, made class-leader soon after, received license to exhort February 1, 1816, admitted into the Ohio Conference September, 1816, sent to the General Conference as delegate in 1824, made presiding elder in 1825, stationed in Cincinnati in 1831, made editor of *Western Christian Advocate* in 1834, elected Bishop in 1836. The travels, the labors, the sermons, the exhortations, the incidents—the sad and the serious, the grave and gay, the lively and severe, the material and spiritual, the earthly and religious—that cluster about these naked dates, are given in this book with remarkable fidelity, picturesqueness, and effect. The author's own summation of the life, character, and opinions of the Bishop, based on a life-long acquaintance with his subject are not the least interesting portion of this highly interesting volume. The distinguished position, eminent character, and useful life-services of the Bishop, would naturally attract attention. Add to these the effective groupings, the easy-flowing natural style of his able biographer, and the public has a monument to the memory of one of the last of its pioneer superintendents that it will be sure to account honorable and worthy of his name and fame.

Floral Guide, for 1875. James Vick, Rochester, New York. *Sowed by the Wind*; or, the Poor Boy's Fortune, by Elijah Kellogg. (Lee & Shepard, Boston; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) *Uncle John*, by J. G. Whyte Melville. (D. Appleton & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) *His Two Wives*, by Mary Clemmer Ames. (Hurd & Houghton, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) *The Starling*, by Norman M'Leod, D. D. (Dodd & Mead, New York; George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.) *The Treasure-hunters*; *Jack's Sister*; *In Honor Bound*; and *Jesse Trim*. (Harpers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SUNDAY, in these latter days, is a different affair from the Sabbath of the Jews and Puritans. Fifty years ago, the New England "Lord's day" commenced at sundown, Saturday night, and ended at sundown on Sunday night. Promptly as Phœbus and the birds sank to rest, at the close of the seventh day of the week, all labor was suspended, and holy time began. The tools of the mechanic, the implements of the husbandman, the measures of the merchant, the studies and calculations of the office and counting-room, the cares of the household, were laid aside. The trader locked his door against customers, the stock of the farmer was carefully stalled and fed before night-fall, and the careful housewife shut the oven-door on the brown loaves and the earthen jar of pork and beans, that they might keep hot over night, and save the labor of cooking on the following morning. Potatoes roasted in the ashes while the family were at morning Church service formed the simple accompaniment to the cold roast, made ready on the preceding day for the Sunday dinner. Quiet on Saturday evening, total freedom from cares and labor, and a full night's repose, prepared every body for the enjoyment of a day of rest, the sole burden of which was attendance, morning and afternoon on Church service, where prayer, preaching, and singing were all to be had for the simple price of hearing, and imposed no care, labor, responsibility, or burden upon the hearer. For twenty-four hours the New England Sunday of half a century ago came as nearly as possible to realizing the Jewish idea of rest, complete absence or quiescence of activities, which somnolent sermons, drowsy prayers, and dreary singing, tending to provoke sleep or dozing, did not sadly interrupt or seriously interfere with. Sunday evening was devoted to light household cares and social visits, courting, or preparation for the inevitable Monday's washing. Both Puritanism and Judaism, like friendly night and darkness, brought all occupations to a dead stand-still, and forced man to take recuperative rest. Works of necessity were allowed, but these were re-

duced to the fewest possible; and even works of mercy touched the minimum. With any sort of profanation of the Lord's day by irreverent trifling, the Puritan had no patience. In our own family history, we blush to find, in the records of the town of Norwich, Connecticut, for 1770, that "Lemuel Wentworth (son to James Wentworth)," our grandsire, then a youth of eighteen, in company with two other young men and a brace of equally thoughtless girls, was presented by a grand jury to one of King George's justices of the peace; and complained of, that they "did, on Sabbath or Lord's day evening, meet and converse together and walk in the street in company, upon no religious occasion;" and were duly convicted therefor, and fined "three shillings each, and one shilling cost," to be "paid to the treasury of the town." Our own father, himself a Puritan of the Puritans, once on a homeward-bound journey, of which only a few miles remained, that he was anxious to complete by a brief early drive on Sunday morning, was arrested by a "tithing man," and sent to a hotel, to wait on expense till Monday morning; and within our own recollection, the daughter of Dr. Benoni Sweet, the great natural bone-setter, was taken out of a public stage-coach within a few miles of her father's, in Lebanon, Connecticut, and compelled to wait till holy time had expired before she prosecuted her journey. Forty years ago, the great city of New York used to be as quiet on Sunday as a country village; now, horse-cars jingle in every direction, and Broadway, though free from the thunder of omnibuses, is a thronged promenade from end to end.

The change from keeping Saturday evening to Sunday evening was not healthful. The custom prevails extensively of paying off workmen on Saturday evening, and hence Saturday night has become the great market night of the week, and Sunday the great day for rioting, drinking, depleting purses, and unfitting men for moral and social duties, and physically incapacitating them for healthful resumption of employments on Monday morning. It is a cheering

sign, seen in the windows of many heavy establishments in New York City, "This store closes at three o'clock on Saturdays." Every place of business ought to close at sundown, Saturday, and even marketing ought to be all over by nine o'clock in the evening. Heads of manufactories who are Christian men, and anxious for the best welfare of society, should adopt Monday or Wednesday, in place of Saturday, as pay-day. Christian merchants should co-operate to secure "early closing" on Saturday evenings. Men and boys who are employed till midnight in waiting on customers or delivering goods will necessarily sleep on Sunday morning, and will be absent from church, or sleepy during worship. A determined effort is being made on the part of infidels and unprincipled gain-mongers and pleasure-mongers to sweep away the old landmarks, and to blot out the Christian Sabbath altogether. There is no doubt in any sane mind that this would be fatal to the best interests of the race, and a long stride toward anarchy and barbarism. Christian men, by precept and example, should "remember the Sabbath [REST] day to keep it holy."

SAVE THE WEAKLINGS.—Every new-born infant is a bundle of hopes and possibilities. However weakly or sickly, its life should be carefully preserved and tenderly nurtured for the sake of what it may possibly be hereafter. The Spartans, whose sole desire was to rear a nation of soldiers, ruthlessly cast into a common Golgotha all infants of sickly, weakly, or deformed bodily constitution. The same custom prevailed with other Greeks, the Romans, and many other semi-savages or barbarous tribes. Christianity checked infanticide, and in so doing has given to the world its brightest intellects. Civilization teaches the value of mind and soul, however frail or unsightly the casket in which they are enshrined. Experience shows that bodily disease often increases mental acumen; and one has only to look through a narrow range of biography to prove that some of the brightest geniuses the world has ever produced, were those that Spartan barbarity or savage neglect would have quenched in infancy, on account of bodily feebleness or deformity.

Byron was club-footed from infancy; Talleyrand, a cripple from the cradle; the poet Akenside had a life-long halt in his gait; Walter Scott's infancy and childhood were a painful struggle with lameness and disease. The great poet and novelist is described by his biographer as a "pining child," whose juvenile sickness developed wonderful mental power, whose youth was spent in reading, through inability to do any thing else.

Spinoza developed marvelous mental acuteness in a frail and sickly constitution, which forced him, from childhood, to find solace in study.

Descartes joined great delicacy of constitution, with a mind of the highest order, and his illustrious disciple, Malebranche, had a sickly and deformed habit of body, which compelled him to pass his youth in retirement and the close study of languages and literature.

Voltaire, one of the greatest minds of the last century, was too feeble, during the first seven months of his existence, to be taken to the church to be baptized.

The historian Gibbon had delicate health in his childhood.

The great mathematician and astronomer, Kepler, was weak and sickly, and well-nigh destroyed by small-pox in infancy.

The great Sam Johnson was the victim of king's evil, and emerged from his childhood with a disfigured face and impaired vision.

Sir Isaac Newton was of exceedingly diminutive size when born, and D'Alembert was a foundling, saved from the streets of Paris in a dying condition.

England's great naval captain, Lord Nelson, had neither a strong frame nor a hardy constitution.

England's great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, from childhood united a weak bodily frame with a precocious mind.

Spartan rigor would have put out in infancy that great light of philanthropy, John Howard; sent to early oblivion the mathematical powers of blind Dr. Sanderson, and the genial humor of our own Washington Irving.

James Watt, the illustrious author of the steam-engine, possessed in infancy a delicate constitution and feeble health, which confined him to his chamber, and led him

to cultivate, with great assiduity, his mental faculties and inventive powers.

The celebrated apostle of antislavery, Wilberforce, was weak from infancy, and rejoiced and thanked God that he was born in civilized times and in a Christian land, which made it possible to raise so sickly and delicate a child.

To these examples, hastily cited from the highest walks of mind, could be added thousands upon thousands from the common walks of life, if history would only put them upon record, of superior intellect developed in diseased, deformed, and sickly frames.

AUTHORSHIP in America is practiced under difficulties. "Poets make poets," authors make authors, books make books. In his "Life and Literature in the Father-land," President Hurst shows us the prolific springs of German authorship. In the first place, the writers are in contact with inexhaustible libraries. Libraries are the great want of America. Let a man undertake to write on any subject, and he is instantly compelled to resort to the libraries in quest of the thoughts of those who have preceded him; and how often is he doomed to disappointment. Encyclopædias, like commentaries, are often most bare and meagre and contain least at those points where we need light most. College and city libraries present fearful hiatuses where they ought to have every thing that was ever printed on a given subject. If one undertakes an article for a quarterly he must, if he live inland, make one or two trips to Boston or New York to verify statements or settle facts. In Germany, libraries are close at hand. It is a land of books. The student lives in an atmosphere of thought, literature, and authorship. He can not choose but write.

Another German plan for saving labor is noted by Dr. Hurst. It is the employment of amanuenses. Americans are too poor, labor is too scarce, and prices too high, for an author to indulge in the luxury of much secretarial help; and yet such help, the employment of clerks and scribes, would double life. Instead of adopting a labor-saving system of stenography, and educating all our students to its use, we persist in keeping up the old Phœnician semi-hieroglyphics—a system of writing as bungling as that of the

Chinese—and thus compel authors to use ten times the amount of chirographic labor they would need to employ if the system of short-hand could be brought into universal use. Every literary man in the country ought to be able to have his amanuensis. How much time would be saved to editors, bishops, preachers, lecturers, writers of all classes, if this system of saving hand labor prevailed! Germans are proverbially the most painstaking, laborious, industrious people in the world; and while they are all this, they multiply themselves five and ten fold by making use of labor-saving appliances to which the writers of other countries are, as a class, almost total strangers.

PRESIDING ELDERSHIP.—In the January number of the *Quarterly*, Rev. W. R. Goodwin, of the Illinois Conference, has an article at once sensible and sharp on this well-thumbed subject. There is no doubt that the matter needs attention, though it may not need to go before the General Conference for uniform and general legislation. It is now within the reach of the annual conferences, and local circumstances differ and dictate different lines of policy in different sections. It is proposed to make the office elective. In the Troy Conference, when a district wants a new elder, the ministers of the district assemble in caucus, and ballot for a candidate, nominate the man selected, and the bishop appoints the man thus indicated. An elder's business should be to supervise. Preaching was once an important item; it is no longer so. "The elder should travel, like a bishop, from station to station, holding his quarterly conferences evening after evening, and preaching where he happens to be on Sunday, and always, if possible, in some place where he is specially needed, and does not displace the regular minister. There is no use of keeping up a quarterly system out of which all the quarterly elements have long since died.

CINCINNATI MAY MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Boston will no longer enjoy a monopoly of musical festivals, or the reputation of being the musical emporium of the Union. The Handel and Haydn Society, her distinguished musical conservatories, and the compactness and homogeneity of her

population, have hitherto enabled that cultivated city to distance all rivals in oratorio. In opera and orchestra, New York has always taken the precedence. Musical taste and execution, and power to combine musical elements for grand effect, are no longer confined to, or peculiar to, Eastern cities. With increasing wealth, increasing age, increasing homogeneity of population, Western cities are competing with the Eastern in musical associations and effective musical displays. The Cincinnati May Festival, of two years ago, was an acknowledged success, thoroughly prepared, ably led, liberally patronized, and richly enjoyed. Jews and Gentiles, Romanists and Protestants, foreigners and natives, combined their talents in a flow of melody and a tide of harmony in the rendering of the works of the favorite masters, such as perhaps had never been before heard west of the Alleghenies. The freshness of the voices was a surprise and a pleasure. Cincinnati's own fine orchestra was re-enforced by Theodore Thomas's unrivaled band. Thomas himself wielded the baton, crowning the preparatory labors of Professor Singer, and a masterly board of organizers, with Colonel Nichols at their head. An equally fine programme is in preparation for the coming May. Vigorous rehearsals are in weekly progress. Singing makes singers. When Gilmore gathered his first jubilee-band of ten thousand oratorio singers, we prophesied that twenty thousand would be ready for the next call; and, singular to say, the next call was for twenty thousand, and the twenty thousand were readily forthcoming. These triennial, biennial, or quadrennial festivals will grow with each new success. Each will educate its successor. Public taste will improve, the public ear will become more discriminative, and public patronage more generous; and the community, instead of paying such enormous sums to foreign *artistes*, will learn to make its own music, and will thrive in taste and virtue while thus generating home entertainment for home consumption.

CHURCH LIBRARIES.—Mr. W. A. Ingham presented the Church and pastor's library of the new church in Cleveland with valuable books to the amount of five hundred dollars. This is a good beginning, and an

example worthy of being followed. There is no reason why a Church should not keep up an adult, as well as a Sunday-school, library. Every church should have a pastor's room or study, and the sides of that room should be lined with shelves and loaded with books for the use of the preacher and the leaders of the Church and Sunday-school. Commentaries, cyclopædias, and lexicons are indispensable and yet heavy things to move. In a settled pastorate the preacher inquires, "How many books can I buy annually with my surplus of salary?" An itinerant asks an entirely different question. In view of the liability to annual moves, he says to himself, "How few books can I get along with?" In every Church, some benevolent brother, like Mr. Ingham, of Cleveland, should lay the nucleus, and every generation should build there, or till each church is furnished with all the heavier and more cumbersome books, leaving the pastor to spend his excess of income on such works as lie in his special line of taste or study.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, devoted to religious literature and social progress, volume one, number one, is a monthly of the Canadian Methodist Church, edited by a well-known correspondent of the **REPOSITORY**, Rev. W. H. Withrow, A. M., and published by Samuel Rose, Methodist Book-room, Toronto, Canada. It is a neat pamphlet of ninety-six pages, beautifully printed, with wide margin and fair type, and contains a fine variety of articles, mostly written by clergymen, with an editorial salutatory, current topics, book notices, etc. We welcome this new-comer to the literary and religious field, and wish the new enterprise every imaginable success.

DR. WHEDON says some very nice things of the **REPOSITORY** and its editor in the January *Quarterly*, for which we thank him. The Doctor will never be bishop. It is late in the day to be regretting that he had not been made editor of the **REPOSITORY** instead of the *Quarterly*; but he has the consolation of reflecting, with the five dozen disappointees of the late General Conference, that a world of good material for the office has floated by unused. Presidents, popes, and bishops form a meagre minority, whose ever-lengthening lists present but few names

worthy of being printed in italics, and fewer still dignified by capitals. The Doctor trains with the grand majority, and will be remembered when many an itinerant of "the big circuit" is forgotten. The current number of the *Quarterly* is full of good things. Its book notices are, as usual, gems that need not to be made attractive by elegant settings.

GONE.—Here is a little scrap sent us for the "Letter-bag," which we insert for critics of the "Festus" school to carp at:

Gone to the spirit-land!
While I, with trembling heart, in silence stand,
Striving through gloom and mists my child to see;
Striving to hear of that strange mystery
That called thee from our joys so soon away,
Leaving a shadow on life's happy day.
But must I stand in vain?
Sunlight and storm, the thunder and the rain,
Have fallen on my path, as in the former time;
And I have heard the Spring-day's silvery chime,
And seen the Summer gloaming on the hill,
And heard the harvest-song the red air fill,
And seen the Wintry cloud hang dull and low,
Shaking from out its folds the soft, white snow;
But Spring or Summer, or the Autumn glee,
Or Wintry winds, bring no sweet word of thee.
No word my soul to cheer,
Or chase the darkness from my life so drear;
No touch to make the pulses wildly thrill,
And send the life-blood tingling at their will;
No smiles to glitter on thy fair young brow,
Sparkling from eyes like streams 'neath noonday's
glow;
No music from thy lips my ear to greet;
No whispered word where I thy form shall meet.
Begone to shades of night!
Can I the immortal see with mortal sight?
Why on the shores of time so sadly wait,
When my loved child has passed the pearly gate?
But up, and follow where her steps have led;
In duty's path these aching feet must tread.
And moving on, urged by a power divine,
Some day the mists will part and glory shine;
For heaven will open wide its gates for me,
And then these eyes my spirit-child shall see. B.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—In the old Roman religion, the State was regarded as one great family; so that, while each separate household had its fireside guardians, the Lares, the goddess Vesta, watched over the welfare of the State. In her honor public altars were erected, and at Rome there was also a temple. Upon the altar burned a perpetual fire, which was carefully tended day and night by virgins, hence named *Vestals*. They were chosen from the most beautiful and perfect of the free-born maidens, between the ages of six and ten years, and were required to take a solemn vow of chas-

tity for the period of thirty years; after which time they were at liberty to marry if they were so disposed. Our picture represents a Vestal about the period when her novitiate of ten years has expired, and she is fully installed as a priestess of Vesta. The Vestals were four or six in number, and their chief duties were to keep the sacred fire alive, to sprinkle the temple every morning with pure water, to present offerings to the goddess, and to guard the relics of their religion.

The *Lake Farm*, Greenwood, is a feast to the eyes. It is one of those scenes which makes us forget the driving storms and piercing winds of March, and introduces us to the genial warmth of Summer, beneath blue skies and a serener atmosphere.

ROME.—Just as Mr. Gladstone, in his recent pamphlet, has dealt a staggering blow at this insidious foe of States and human welfare, comes the intelligence that a plan is on foot to invade England with an immense missionary force, priestly, monkish, and educational. Ritualism has prepared the soil, high-churchmen are more than half-Romanists to begin upon, and the result can not be doubtful.

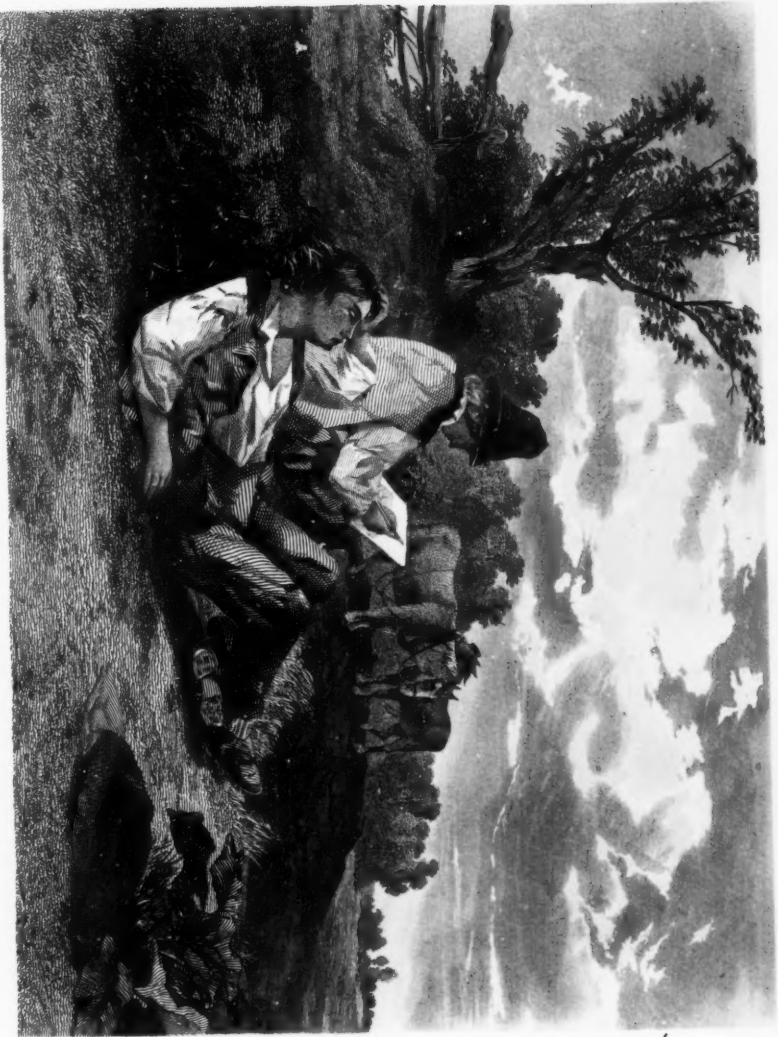
In our own country, they are working zealously, through the ballot-box and base politicians, for the destruction of the common-school system, the banishment of the Bible, and the overthrow of free institutions. Those who want to know what Romanism is, from an inside stand-point, may enlighten themselves by reading the spiritual struggles of Rev. L. N. Beaudry, a converted Romanist, now a preacher in the Troy Conference. This little work, published by Nelson & Phillips, is as attractive in style as romance, and is as true as it is attractive. Its publication is most opportune.

DR. HOYT, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, has our thanks for the numerous complimentary and appreciative notices of the REPOSITORY that have appeared from time to time in his columns. Meanwhile, we might return the Doctor's compliments with interest if we were to speak all we think of the enlarged and well-filled sheet, of which he is editor. A constantly swelling subscription-list shows what the public think of the *Western*.

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THE RUSTIC ARTIST.

Engraved by S. V. Hunt, expressly for the Ladies Repository from a drawing by H. Thoburn.